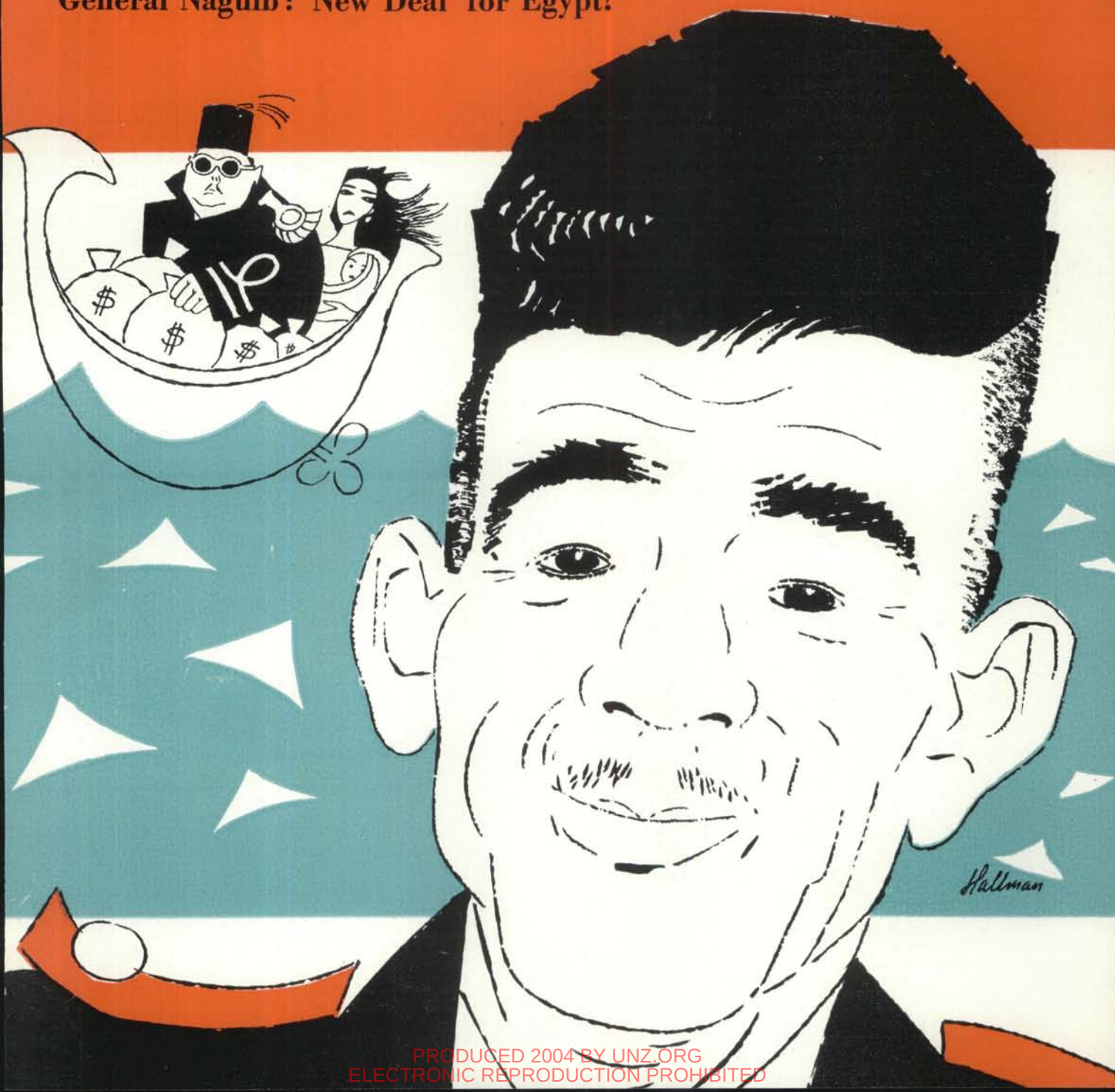
Senator Cain, Washington Hamlet

Cincinnati Cliffhanger: the *Enquirer* Sale

The Reporter

September 2, 1952 25c

General Naguib: 'New Deal' for Egypt?



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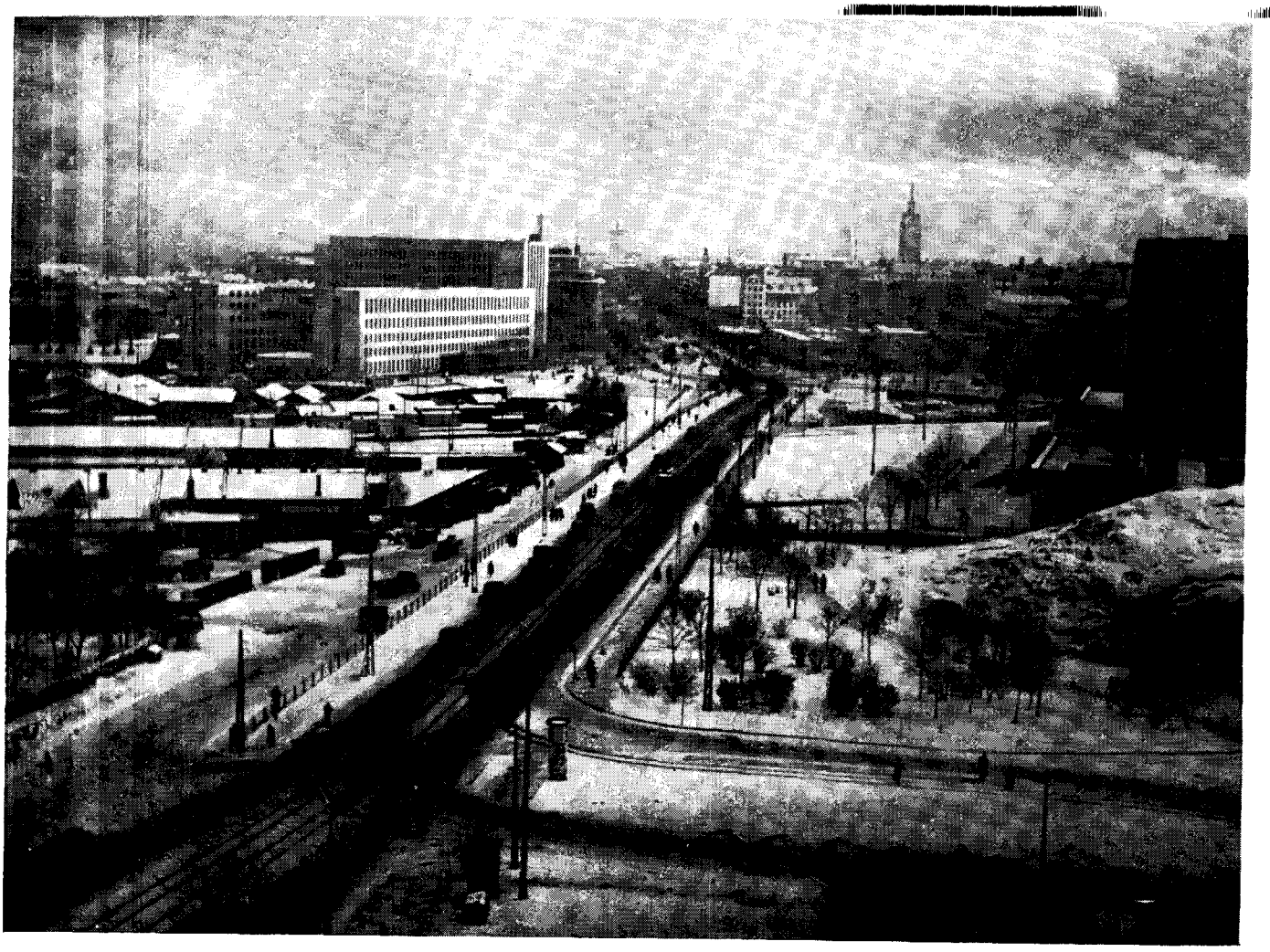

Street scenes in Helsinki (see page 24)

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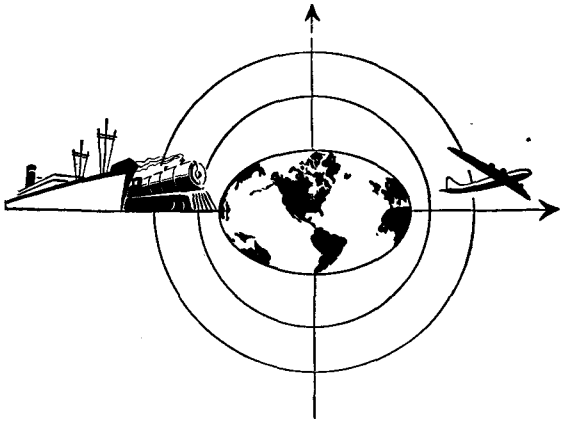

The Reporter's Notes

The G.O.P. Drafts Truman

The Republican Party gives some evidence of planning to do what the Democrats did not do—draft President Truman as the Democratic Presidential candidate and run against him. Vice-Presidential candidate Nixon resorted to exactly this strategy when, in his opening campaign speech in Columbus, Ohio, he charged that Governor Adlai Stevenson would be a "captive President." The captor, of course, would be President Truman.

Having identified Stevenson as Mr. Truman's captive, Nixon was perfectly free to assail all Mr. Truman's errors, miscues, and defects, just as if the candidate were really Mr. Truman. Apparently great store had been set upon having Mr. Truman as the opponent, and, by golly, Nixon was going to have Mr. Truman, even if it took a bit of doubletalk.

Stevenson can feel highly flattered, but voters will want to know how Nixon made the grand leap. The distinguishing feature of the Stevenson nomination was the candidate's refusal to seek it. That refusal gave him an almost unprecedentedly independent status, so much so that informed Washington reporters wrote of Mr. Truman's irritation. The evidence points away from the Nixon assumption. Mr. Truman was forced to come to Stevenson instead of the other way around.

When Nixon ran against Helen Gahagan Douglas for the U.S. Senate in 1950, he compared her Congressional voting record with that of former Congressman Vito Marcantonio, leaving the implication that she followed the Communist Party line. It is thus an old Nixon habit to nominate his opponents. In California it was Marcantonio; today it is Mr. Truman. But before the campaign is over, Nixon will probably have to accept the Democratic nomination made at Chicago.

Ike and Dirksen

The Republicans seem to be engaged in an all-out campaign to carry the Republicans. The appointment of Senator Dirksen, pivot of the Taft-Chicago *Tribune* Axis, to be chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee is the most extreme effort so far of the victorious Eisenhower faction to appease the Taft wing.

But to millions of voting televiewers Dirksen is no longer just a name. They will long remember the wavy-haired Senator's sanctimonious rabble-rousing of the night of July 9 as he singled out Tom Dewey for the Republican Convention's hatred; they will remember the unctuous voice, the ineffable gestures, the pointing finger. They *know* the man.

With the absorption of Dirksen into the highest councils of the party, compromise begins to look like surrender. Dirksen is a veteran of sixteen years in the House, where he earned his reputation as a fervent isolationist. In 1948 he left the Midwest for a globe-circling trip and returned to support the Marshall Plan. But in 1950 he was back at the same old stand. Running successfully for the Senate against Scott W. Lucas, he attacked the Marshall Plan as "Operation Rathole." Whereas he had voted for Greek-Turkish aid in 1947, in 1951 he voted to curb the shipment of troops to Europe and in 1952 he supported the cut in foreign aid.

The balance-of-power independents were inclined to cheer the defeat of the Taftians at Chicago. Many of them felt that room had been made for them in the party. The great risk in the present Eisenhower course is that as a result of his reinstallation of the Taftians in some of the best rooms in the party house, the independents will look for a better address.

MANY a professional politician, especially among those around Dewey in Albany, may recall the words of the late Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York, who said: "In politics, we are always appeasing our enemies with favors we owe our friends."

To the Editor:

Following the Republican Convention (as many other *Reporter* readers whose memories are no better than mine have done) I went upstairs to my pile of back issues and dug out the "China Lobby" copies in order to reread the part involving Senator Nixon.

It was such interesting reading I kept on going right through to your editorial on the subject. In the light of your editorial espousal, in other issues, of General Eisenhower's candidacy, I quote from the last paragraph of this editorial: "But the men who have advanced their claims to leadership must show their mettle well before Election Day. This applies of course, particularly, to Eisenhower. Will he say, when the time comes, that he recognizes subversion when he sees it, Communist or anti-Communist, and will have no truck with the mouthpieces of the China Lobby—even if they happen to be U.S. Senators?"

Well, with Senator Nixon as his running mate and Senator Judd part of his GHQ, how about it, what's your answer? Mine is that it looks more and more as though he hasn't been around—in politics, that is—long enough to recognize much of anything. You may be willing to gamble as to which group

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of politicians may be telling him what to say after the election; I'm not.

ANDREW P. HULL
North Granby, Connecticut

Neither are we. More about this later.

Social Security

General Douglas MacArthur has joined General Leslie Groves, lately of the Manhattan Project, on what will henceforth no doubt be called the General Staff of Remington Rand.

MacArthur is to be paid somewhere around $100,000 a year, and in addition he will receive his Army pay of $19,548 as a five-star general on active duty but unassigned. This last disturbs Representative Emanuel Celler, who thinks There Ought to Be a Law.

Perhaps the General is carrying things a bit far in this case, but it is nice to know that career servicemen are being taken care of, that there are on our streets no blind Belisariuses with their begging bowls to testify mutely to the ingratitude of the Emperor Justinian—or of this Republic. What puzzles us, however, is the attitude of certain high-ranking ex-careerists toward Social Security. They are against it. Even Eisenhower, in a speech delivered while he was president of Columbia University, declared: "If all that Americans want is security, then they can go to prison. . . ." Only recently has he clarified—or rectified—his stand.

We have news for these rugged military individualists. They have spent their professional careers lapped and swaddled in the most airtight social-security system we can think of—that of the U.S. Armed Forces.

Counting Our Turkeys

It is always pleasant for editors to rummage through back issues and dredge up reasons for patting themselves on the back. We have come across several such reasons lately. There was, for example, the article we ran on Senator Taft and the South in our January 22 issue, which neatly projected the background of the Southern "steal" at the Republican Convention.

In our April 1 issue, George Lichtheim, writing from London, pointed out that "the royalist régime [in Egypt] is merely a stopgap," and that King Farouk might presently follow in the footsteps of King Carol of Romania, who governed for a while with the help of his army and was later banished by it to make way for a military dictator.

In the same article Mr. Lichtheim made a very solid observation on the general political trend in the Middle East: "[It] has had its surfeit of 'liberalism.' It wants revolution *and* tradition."

Parliamentary government, as originally sponsored by the British in the Middle East, has had a dismal past there, which is not to say that with patient co-operation and help from the West it may not yet have a bright, if distant, future. In the interim, political power, for lack of anywhere else to go, is passing into the hands of military leaders. In Iraq, General Nuri Pasha es-Said has long wielded a decisive influence. In Syria, General Shishekly has been in power for almost a year, and Egypt now has its General Naguib. Even Dr. Mossadegh, who is stronger than his tears would suggest, has taken over the Defense Ministry in Iran.

The combination of revolution *and* tradition—of strong military leaders backed by Islamic (and therefore presumably staunch anti-Communist) nationalism—might seem to the West just what the doctor ordered. Nearsighted strategists and political optimists have been quick to see in these "benevolent" dictators new Kemal Atatürks who will bring us strong and reliable allies.

In the Middle East, where there is so little solid ground to build on, there is no reason why we should not try to work with these men, provided they prove capable of contributing to the political health and stability of their countries. Certainly the United States could do with more allies like Turkey.

This is no reason, however, to blind ourselves to history. As Mr. Lichtheim points out in his article on the latest Egyptian crisis (page 10), Kemal's success was based on a break with Islamic tradition rather than on alliance with it. This, it appears, is not the present pattern. It would seem wise not to count our Turkeys before they are hatched.

TAKE A LETTER—

F is for Fuad and Fawzia,
Ferial, Farida, Farouk—
F is for Failing and Fleeing,
F is for Final rebuke.

F is for Fabulous Fortune,
For Fickle and Fatuous Face,
For Fatness through Feeding on Famine,
For Fatally Falling from grace.

F is for Fleshpots and Feudal,
Flirtatious Falstaffian Frame,
F is for Fugitive Father,
F is a six-letter name.

THOUGHTS (FLEETING)

Jenner and Kem,
Jenner and Kem,
What are we going to do with them?

O Lord, the sins that we shall see
Done in the name of unity,
When those who wish each other dead
Must share one platform—and one bed!

Crusade for what?
An answer, please—
(And skip the generalities).

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

P.P.S. TO CHINA LOBBY

To the Editor: A friend sent me your issues of April 15 and 29 in which you state (April 29, page 12) . . . "McCarthy quoted from both the Larsen article and an article by a Father Kearney, who later admitted that all his material had come from Mr. Kohlberg."

The above is an inexact quotation from page 54 of the Tydings Report: "Father Kearney . . . advised that he had no direct knowledge of Mr. Lattimore's activities and that the principal source of his information had been Alfred Kohlberg." It is true that I wrote an article about Owen Lattimore, which appeared in, I think, the September, 1949, issue of *Columbia*. It is true I received a good deal of material from Mr. Kohlberg, for I was on his mailing list. It is *not* true that *later* or at any time did I admit that all my material for that article came from Mr. Kohlberg. The truth is that none of my material in that article came from him, as I have stated in an affidavit on the Tydings Report's incorrect statement. Having lived in China for eighteen years, and especially during the period that Lattimore and his friends were preparing its downfall, I was quite familiar with his methods long before I met Alfred Kohlberg.

Although I am but a minor figure in your article, here are the sources quoted in the article in question: 1. J. W. Powell (indirectly). 2. Current biographies in the library at the University of Santa Clara for data on Lattimore. 3. Louis Budenz, who read the article before the Senate. 4. Freda Utley. 5. Max Eastman and J. B. Powell in the *Reader's Digest*, June, 1945. 6. A conversation with a Belgian friend of mine in Shanghai. 7. Karl Marx in *The Communist Manifesto*. 8. Newsmen Steele, Andrew Roth, Spencer Moosa, and an ex-OWI man I met in Los Angeles. 9. A French professor from Tientsin. 10. Several reports, hitherto unpublished, from my mission friends in China. 11. Two indirect quotes from *Time*, one from the *China Monthly*. 12. A speech in 1949 by Lattimore in San Francisco. 13. The rest of the quotes were from Mr. Lattimore's written work. The criticisms of his statement are my own.

Nowhere in this article did I quote Mr. Kohlberg either directly or indirectly. To say that most of the matter in it came from him is therefore absurd and the burden of proof lies on anyone who makes the accusation.

As you have been so badly informed about my article, I believe you are equally badly informed about much of the rest. You are constantly complaining about "McCarthyism" and character assassination. Your own article is a perfect example of both. If I, who saw Lattimore & Co. prepare the fall of China, have had any share in helping even in a small way to put you people on the run, it is a source of great pleasure. You should stop attacking such fine Americans as Alfred Kohlberg, Mr. Bullitt, General Wedemeyer, etc., and look into yourselves, especially after Whittaker Chambers and the McCarran proceedings have confirmed the majority of the charges.

There was not the slightest excuse for China to fall; I was there and knew. *We* were quite able to carry out our work under the Nationalist government, corrupt though it was. Now we are all being thrown out, by a far more corrupt government. We foresaw exactly what would happen if the Lattimore crowd prevailed, because we knew the Reds intimately, since many of our missionaries had lived with them in various parts of China since the early 1920's. You are entirely on the wrong track and, if you are Americans, should change at once. If you are not, you should get behind the Iron Curtain at once. Lattimore is not a real authority on China and never was.

JAMES F. KEARNEY, S.J.
Editor, *Malayan Catholic News*
Singapore, Malaya

THE CASE OF ALFRED KRUPP

[*In the July 8 issue of* The Reporter *a letter appeared from F. W. Schulenburg of Cambridge, Massachusetts, objecting to some rather caustic editorial comments that had appeared in this magazine on the leniency that had been shown to Alfred Krupp by American representatives in Germany. This letter from an American lawyer who served as chief prosecutor at the Krupp trial is in answer to Mr. Schulenburg.*—THE EDITORS.]

To the Editor: Apparently Mr. Schulenburg, in rising so strongly to the defense of Mr. McCloy for his exculpation of Alfred Krupp, does not realize that he is attacking General Clay, who, despite his leniency toward Ilse Koch, refused to free Krupp from any part of his jail sentence or to set aside the property confiscation ordered by the Nuremberg Tribunal. Although General Clay did modify the tribunal's decree by making Krupp's property merely "subject to" confiscation, I received his written assurance shortly thereafter that this was merely for technical reasons and was not intended to vitiate the confiscation.

General Clay was expressly vested with the power to review the Krupp and other Nuremberg sentences, whereas Mr. McCloy's power to do so, in the guise of a clemency proceeding or otherwise, is inferential and in my opinion highly questionable.

General Clay acted in a judicial fashion and gave both sides an opportunity to present their views; he received and considered, with the aid of his large legal staff, a ten-thousand-word printed brief presenting the prosecution's views, as well as any number of papers and memoranda from the defendants. Mr. McCloy heard only one side, the defendants, and gave no opportunity or notice to the prosecution or even to the judges, although the latter surely should have been consulted in a "clemency" proceeding. Mr. McCloy conducted star-chamber proceedings in reverse, star chamber à la cream puff. Krupp was called in, as were the other defendants in their behalf, and asked if he was guilty, and he answered *"Nein."* Nobody appeared in opposition from the prosecution or the judges who tried him, and he was freed. His property was returned, with ECA improvements, and it now appears he is also receiving millions of dollars to reimburse him for Krupp properties held by the Russians.

Mr. McCloy's Clemency Board, through which he acted, never, so far as I have been able to ascertain, recommended that Alfred Krupp be let off as ordered by Mr. McCloy, or that the property confiscation be set aside. Some day, I hope, the full detailed report of the board, together with its deliberations and detailed findings, will be made public and widely disseminated.

The notion that Alfred Krupp, as distinguished from his father, had no personal guilt proved against him is pure fantasy. By special Hitler decree and authorization and as a reward for Krupp collaboration before and after Hitler's rise to power, Alfred Krupp was made owner and director of the vast Krupp empire in 1943. Vicious slave-labor acts, including the notorious drafting and dooming of 520 Hungarian Jewesses, took place right in Essen, where Alfred had his executive headquarters, and where he could see the girls marching up the street from his tower dining room. Alfred's own signature appears on the Krupp board authorization and appropriation for the construction of a Krupp plant at Auschwitz, a most infamous slave-labor center. Apparently Mr. McCloy overlooked large portions of the testimony, which could have been called to his attention if he had asked.

Alfred Krupp, incidentally, never took the stand to defend himself against the charges made against him.

JOSEPH W. KAUFMAN
Chief Prosecutor at the Krupp Trial
Washington, D. C.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

The midsummer dog days of the 1952 political campaign are ending, and now the newspaper headlines begin to resume their stridency and their appeal. But out where there are few headlines —and fewer people who can read them —politics has moved along in its own convolutions with no August lull. Here, in the dropping-off place of U.S. policy and power, from Libya to the Persian Gulf, no prominent political figure has remained on his shady veranda or taken a fishing trip. We hope that the U.S. candidates who have been quietly mustering their forces and their arguments for fall occasionally give some thought to King Farouk's abrupt one-way yacht voyage, to Mossadegh's antics, and to the painfully slow build-up of the strength and friendship needed to defend the West's huge stake there.

Because Editor Max Ascoli is on vacation, no editorial appears in this issue.

William H. Hessler is on the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. . . . **George Lichtheim,** a free-lance writer who lived in Palestine from 1934 to 1945, writes on the Middle East from London. . . . **James A. Maxwell,** a Cincinnati writer, contributes frequently to *The Reporter* and to the *New Yorker*. . . . **Allen Raymond** draws on his long experience as a war and foreign correspondent in writing on problems of the press. . . . **Daniel Aaron** is Associate Professor of English Language and Literature at Smith College. . . . **Anton Karlovac** is the pseudonym of a Yugoslav expert on Russia. . . . **Warner Bloomberg, Jr.,** is a member in good standing of Local 1066, USA-CIO at the United States Steel Company's Gary Sheet and Tin Mill. . . . **Meyer Levin** recently published the semi-autobiographical *In Search*. . . . **Frank O'Leary** is co-author of *The Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo.*

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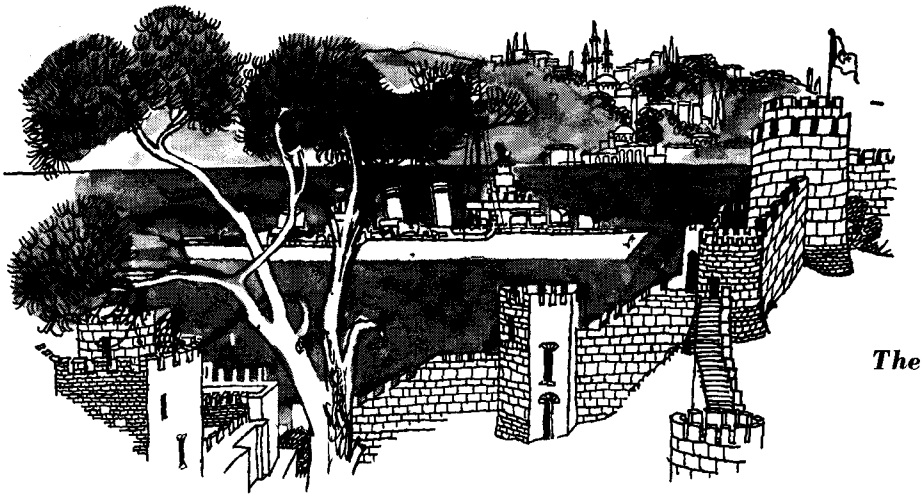

The Bosporus

Danger in the Middle East: No Ramparts, Few Watchers

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

In accepting the Democratic nomination, Governor Adlai E. Stevenson urged his party colleagues and undertook for himself to talk sense to the American people—to tell them the truth, to face the hard facts. In full candor he observed that "The ordeal of the twentieth century—the bloodiest, most turbulent era of the Christian age—is far from over."

Some of the hardest of all the hard facts Americans must face are to be found on the eastern margins of the Mediterranean Sea, south and east of Turkey, in the incomprehensible world of the Arabs. The Ridgway Line extends in fluctuating strength, from the North Cape diagonally through the main body of a truncated Europe to the Dardanelles, and onward to the most rugged segment of the Iron Curtain in the high Caucasus. In the north, its natural barriers give it defensive strength. It sags in the middle, but at least the peoples involved there are aware of their danger and are committed to join with America to accumulate the forces required for their security. The line gains strength again through Yugoslavia, thanks to mountains and to the tough breed of men the mountains produce; and it has a comfortingly solid quality in Turkey, the anchor of the line, where twenty divisions of hardy soldiers stand in confident readiness to repel a Russian attack.

Into the Vacuum

But that is the end of the line. Beyond Turkey, in the Arab States and Iran, there exists the most dangerous power vacuum in today's world. This area spreading from Egypt to the Afghan frontier has only nominal armed forces, mostly with dubious equipment and doubtful morale. Israel apart, its peoples are so impoverished they have little will to defend their homelands. So feudalistic and corrupt are its governments that they are difficult to help from the outside. Its natural defenses are negligible. Worst of all, the Islamic nationalism that pervades the whole region is being channeled more and more into a specific hostility toward Great Britain, the United States, and the West generally, as recent events in Egypt and Iran attest with sinister eloquence.

The Ridgway Line ends in Turkey because there is almost nothing on which to build a situation of strength to the south and east—neither natural defenses of terrain nor solid, responsible peoples determined to stand and fight. Yet in the strategic inventory of the West, there is much worth defending in the littoral of the eastern Mediterranean and the hinterland of the Persian Gulf. In the order of their importance to the grand coalition of the West, the three great strategic stakes of this region are as follows:

First, the Mediterranean route, including the Suez Canal—the most valuable sea communications line in the world except for the North Atlantic itself. Second, the Isthmus of Suez, a bridge seventy miles wide between Asia and North Africa, which must be held secure if the western powers are to protect the safest, strongest airbases they have in the entire European-Asian-African land mass. Third, the Near East petroleum fields, the richest in the world, extending on the diagonal from the southeast corner of Turkey down the Tigris Valley to the head of the Persian Gulf and thence southward into Kuwait, Bahrein, and Saudi Arabia.

The first is something we must hold in order to use it in our own global operations. The second we must hold

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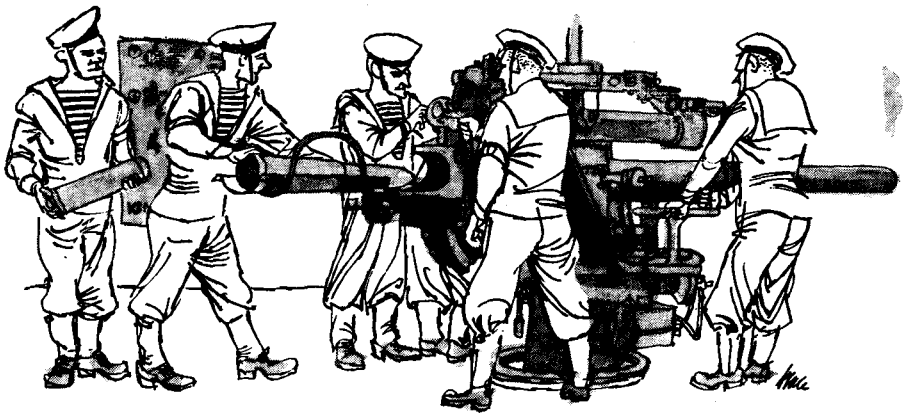

simply to prevent an enemy from using it. The third we have to hold if possible, and in any case prevent the enemy from using.

Such are the stakes in strategic terms —the things to be defended. Then comes the question of what forces the western coalition has available for the defense of the area, either already deployed there or fairly close at hand. Any canvass of these of course must be in round numbers and generalized terms.

Men . . .

Turkey, Greece, and Yugoslavia have combat *ground forces,* well trained and equipped, totaling perhaps forty-five divisions—more than 600,000 men. All are good troops, heirs of a sound fighting tradition and now quite familiar with modern American weapons and equipment. They are politically reliable, not because of any democratic dogma but because they are convinced and committed enemies of the Soviet Union and its satellites. Their mission, the most congenial they could have and also the most useful to NATO planners, is to hold their own territories, which constitute a continuous shield, 1,600 miles long, protecting the entire northern shore of the eastern half of the Mediterranean. Under pressure, these three countries could raise 2.5 million troops. But except for limited numbers of Turks, these forces would not be available for operations in the more precarious regions to the east and south.

The British usually keep two divisions, or their equivalent, on the island of Cyprus, with airlift to put them anywhere between Malta and Basra in a matter of hours. Some of these are currently in Egypt for the security of the canal. The total of British fighting forces in the area might be four divisions, or 60,000 men.

Such are the ground forces of NATO members plus Yugoslavia, committed to fight in a general conflict. Among the other nations, Israel has a well-trained army of 40,000 led by battle-wise men, and possibly 250,000 reservists with some training. The Israelis established their fighting ability in the war with the surrounding Arab States, but the value of the Israeli Army to the West depends on a solution of the persisting hostility between Israel and those Arab states. Under present conditions, Israeli forces are available with certainty only for the actual defense of their national domain. By happy chance, however, the southern extension of Israeli territory through the Negeb blocks off the whole Asian end of the Isthmus of Suez. If they could hold their own territory intact, the Israelis alone would prevent hostile use of the land bridge into Africa.

The army of Iran, with a strength on paper of 140,000, has been trained in recent years by American officers. It has been re-equipped to some extent with modern weapons. But it remains an unknown quantity in the balance sheet of the Middle East. Given the wild convulsions of Iranian nationalism and the mischievous role of the Tudeh Party, we cannot know with certainty whether Iran's forces would be used for us or against us—or neither. It has been an instrument of the Shah, who is more pro-western than his Ministers. But it may not remain so —nor may the Shah himself remain.

Of the Arab States, Jordan comes nearest to having an effective army. Its troops approximate one modern brigade, well trained by British officers and well equipped as Middle Eastern armies go. For whatever they are worth, Jordan's forces are admirably placed to supplement the Israelis in the defense of the highroad to Africa. Syria and Iraq are not without armed forces, but they are security forces, not to be relied on against a serious invasion from the U.S.S.R. As for Egypt's ground forces, until a political reconciliation with Britain has been achieved they are more a threat to the security of the Suez Canal than a protection to it. The Egyptian Army has all it can do to enforce internal peace without engaging a foreign enemy.

In any tally of ground forces as a whole, then, Turkey provides the hard core with its three field armies, one at the Bulgarian frontier, one at the Caucasus frontier, and one in reserve in Anatolia. Britain has the only sizable forces of great mobility for instant use anywhere in the area.

. . . and Ships

Naval forces, however, are an altogether different story. Because the United States has assumed major responsibilities in the eastern Mediterranean, it has powerful sea forces there. The U.S. Sixth Fleet is an all-purpose force of great striking power. It includes two and sometimes three aircraft carriers, including one of the big *Midway* class; three or four heavy cruisers; a fleet submarine; a dozen destroyers; two attack transports with a reinforced battalion of Marines aboard; and sundry auxiliary ships. This is a force of perhaps 20,000 men. It is currently under Vice-Admiral John Cassidy, well versed in carrier warfare and also accustomed to working with the British.

Supplementing the U.S. Sixth Fleet are the Mediterranean naval forces of Great Britain and the small navies of Turkey and Greece. To the west are the naval forces of Italy and France, less concerned with the special problems of the eastern reaches of the sea but constituting a reserve of strength in the Mediterranean. British strength varies considerably, but it would be fair to count on half a dozen cruisers and ten or twelve destroyers and at times a carrier, deployed through the eastern Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf.

Turkey has a small, specialized fleet —six modern submarines, several modern destroyers, and mine craft, provided by and integrated with American naval forces. Its missions are to

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protect the Dardanelles and to safeguard the movement of coal from Zonguldak, on the Black Sea, down the Turkish coast to various ports. That is the lifeline of the Turkish economy.

Greece has a small navy—and also provides, for the common pool of naval power in this area, the facilities of Suda Bay, on Crete, which may be the great anchorage of Mediterranean naval forces for the forward area in any future wartime operations.

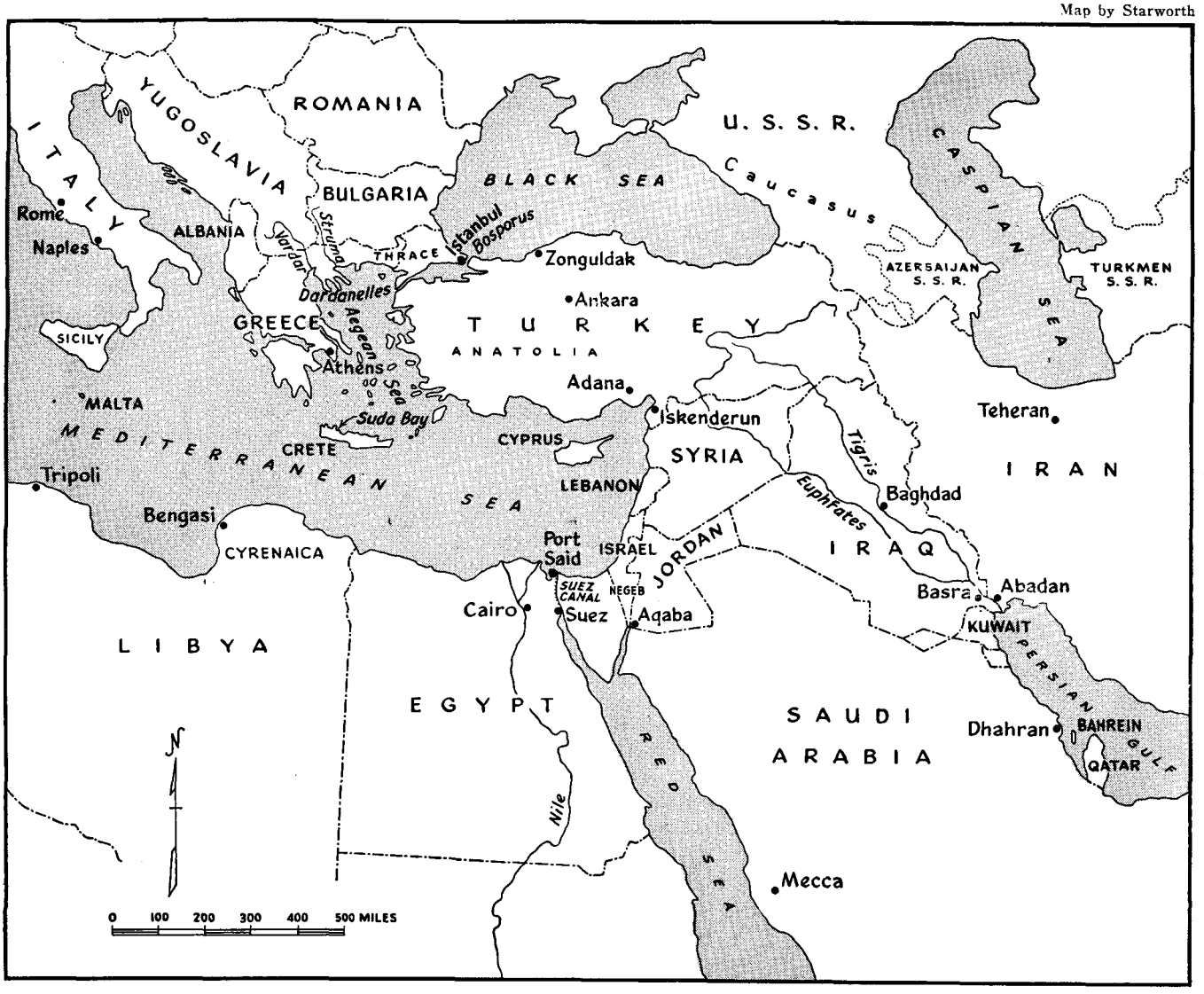
In the Air

Turning to *air forces* at hand in the area, one has to use some imagination and make allowance for the speed with which additional combat power could be concentrated there. Turkey and Greece have small, increasingly efficient tactical air forces planned for the defense of their cities, and possibly also for close support of their ground forces. The U.S. Sixth Fleet has its complement of 200 and more aircraft, a small but powerful and ultramobile striking force in absolute readiness. Britain's RAF is widely spread, but it bulks large in the whole picture. In Iraq, on the islands of Cyprus and Malta, in Cyrenaica, and at the canal, British fighter or bomber squadrons are in readiness. Some bases are being improved so that they can accommodate the greater numbers of aircraft and the heavier planes that would be needed in a showdown.

Cyprus, claimed by the Greeks and halfheartedly also by the Turks but still a British island, is the strong point of NATO air power in the region. Its airfields are being readied for the heaviest planes that fly, and for around-the-clock operations such as a major war would bring. Conflicting political claims to Cyprus are being amiably sidetracked; indeed, more British capital is flowing in, and meanwhile the island is being readied for its role in the military posture the western nations are assuming in the Middle East

Back of Cyprus, with secondary roles, are Bengasi, Tripoli, and Malta. Back farther still are the vast air installations of the U.S. Air Force in Morocco, planned for retaliatory long-range strategic bombardment. Extravagance verging on the scandalous attends their hasty construction. But airstrips, fuel depots, and needed buildings are emerging nonetheless. Out in front, hostages to the enemy, are bases in interior Iraq and on the Persian Gulf, at Basra and Dhahran. There are not great numbers of aircraft on station in this sprawling area, but the installations are the important thing. Aircraft can be sent there quickly. The big job is to have facilities in readiness—long runways, fuel depots, communications equipment, meteorological gear, and

Map by Starworth



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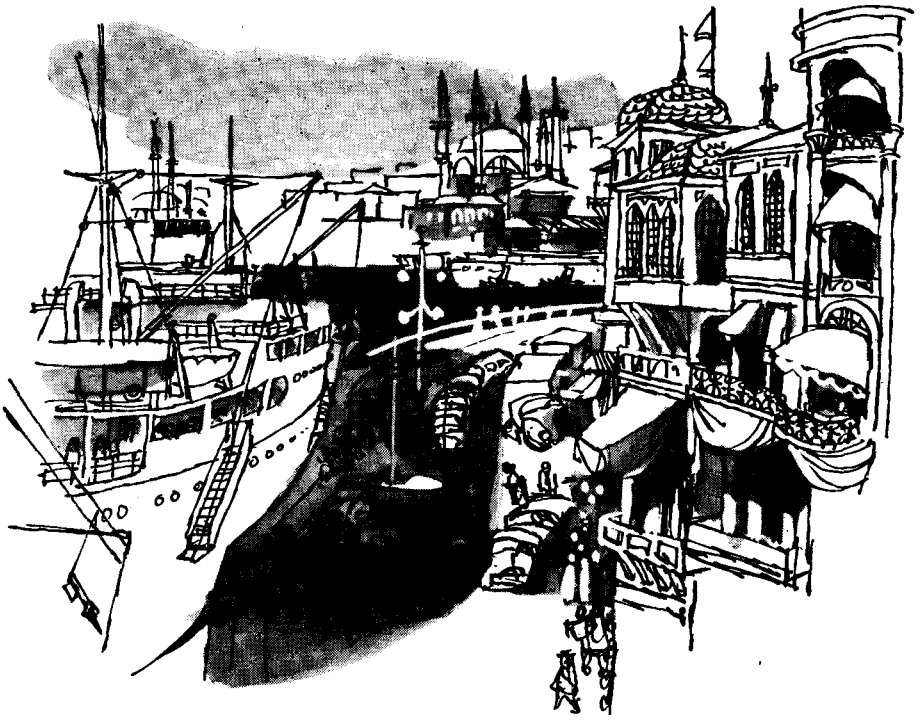

housing for augmented personnel. So long as we have command of the Mediterranean Sea, we can supply everything needed at those bases.

Conciliation and Command

Such, in brief, are the ground, sea, and air forces available in this vacuum of world power. Then comes the question of command. Admiral Robert B. Carney ("Mr. Mediterranean") has had command of all NATO forces in the south of Europe (except, temporarily, the British). Under him, Lieutenant General Willard Wyman, fresh from a corps command in Korea, heads the ground forces and tactical air forces of Turkey and Greece, with a headquarters to be established probably in Turkish Thrace or near Istanbul. The recent establishment of the Southeast Europe Command is the more significant because Ankara and Athens, during the last six months, have gone through an elaborate and productive ritual of reconciliation.

For decades these two have been bitter enemies, but persistent exchanges of visits between Premiers, Foreign Ministers, and heads of state have smoothed the rough edges. Greece and Turkey today are not merely allies within NATO. They are comrades in arms in the Southeast Europe Command. And to fill out the picture, Marshal Tito has agreed to staff talks with the Turks and Greeks. It took time, but the three governments with strong combat ground forces in readiness in the eastern Mediterranean area are at last showing signs of being able to fit their war plans together.

A still more delicate problem is command of Allied naval forces in the Mediterranean. It has been kicked around for a full year, with no solution. Recently a lively rumor out of London had Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, now commanding the British Mediterranean Fleet, slated for the new command—under Admiral Carney but over all NATO naval forces in the sea, including Vice-Admiral Cassidy's Sixth Fleet. This arrangement would save British sensibilities and provide the British officer most acceptable to Americans. But it remains a rumor, not a solution. This is so because the U.S. Navy is a carrier navy, and because the U.S. Navy regards the Mediterranean primarily as an avenue into Eurasia for major offensive air-sea operations in time of war—not a mere sea route to be policed. Having several times more carriers than the British and immeasurably more know-how in the offensive use of sea-based air, American Navy men are determined not to let command slip away.

Furthermore, there still is no overall command for the whole Middle East—ground, sea, and air. British forces remain outside the NATO command setup. And the forces of the Arab nations and Israel answer to no co-ordinating voice. A Middle East Command waits on political integration of the area. If the signals are to be trusted, that is a long way off. There can be no proper Middle East Command until there is a Middle Eastern security agreement.

The Stakes: Suez and Oil

The forces mentioned here, most of them under unified NATO commands, are capable of certain important missions. The Turks, Greeks, and Yugoslavs can make a sturdy defense at or near their own frontiers, although the Yugoslavs would have to fall back to natural defensive positions and the Greeks would find it hard to check a full-scale invasion, so advantageous are the Vardar and Struma river valleys to a foe descending from the north. The Sixth Fleet could give first-class air support to these partners on the ground. Britain has airbases from which strong offensive operations could be mounted. So has the U.S. Air Force. British forces could make a good local defense of the Suez Canal, especially if the Israelis joined in.

But these forces can do little to stifle any determined drive into Iran, Iraq, and the Persian Gulf area, with their stupendous resources of petroleum. And in the logistics of the West, the Persian Gulf is a long way off. Indeed, it is a longer journey by sea from Port Said through the canal and the Red Sea around the Arabian Peninsula to Abadan than it is from New York to London. The western Allies simply cannot deploy decisive ground-force strength in the Persian Gulf area, with all the other burdens war would impose. They cannot hold there without substantial local support from the Arab peoples. And as things stand today, they cannot expect this. We are dealing with a region in which the peoples do not have the will or the capacity to stand and fight against a modern army.

To surmount this hurdle, the American, British, French, and Turkish governments have jointly proposed a Middle East Command linked with, and backed by, NATO. Presumably it would embrace Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Israel, Iraq, and Iran. Cairo has answered with an unmistakable "No." That was the mood of the moment; it still is. And since

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Egypt is senior in the Arab fraternity, the project is still only in the talking stage. It waits on the discovery of some magical formula by which the Egyptians will find it dignified to welcome four-power aid in the defense of Suez. Or else it waits until the flames of Islamic nationalism burn themselves out. If achieved, such a pact would open the way for military missions and military aid from the West in all the Arab countries, and liaison with Israel, with a top command to plan the wise deployment of all the committed forces in the area. More important still, it would ensure that all the governments in the Middle East would be in agreement on the single political principle of resisting jointly any attack from the east and north.

That is one alternative, the most attractive. Another, not a real alternative for strategic purposes, however, is a dose of Dr. Truman's Miracle Compound—Point Four. The theory back of this is engaging. These countries suffer from poverty, ignorance, and disease. We send them what it takes to combat all three, in the form of technical aid. They prosper in consequence, become stronger, and emerge as solid, effective partners against Communism.

'It's Not Our Land'

If we had fifty years instead of one or two or three—or maybe only months—Point Four might do it. But it is much, much too slow. Worse, it runs counter to the ingrained ideas of the landowning classes in most Arab countries.

The clever chaps sent out on technical-assistance projects have a lot to offer, but not to countries in which a few feudal barons own the bulk of arable land. While they are demonstrating the use of tractors, the fine points of contour plowing, and the value of gasoline pumps for irrigation, more realistic men who are not on our team are also talking to these ragged peasants. They say that their only hope is in land-tenure reform, and that their heartaches stem from the imperialism of the capitalist powers of the West. We are losing ground ideologically, even while we show the way to produce more food with less effort and to combat disease with DDT. The Communists are only talking, it is true, but their talk is about the basic trouble; and meanwhile they are making enormous capital from a deep-seated prejudice against the rich foreigner. Our missionaries of technology are showing peasants how they *could* prosper if only they owned their own land, or enough of it.

Point Four is a sound formula, but it is not a valid alternative to airbases and carrier-based planes, or to well-trained divisions of infantry. The export of production techniques is not a way of building strength for the defense of the Middle East in the 1950's. Feudalism stands between our experts and the kind of progress they envision for the Arab peasants.

In Turkey, a nation of small landowners, Point Four has great current value. It pays off quickly. In Israel, where well-staffed co-operatives can make maximum use of new techniques, Point Four is even more immediately useful. But in the real Middle East, the need for agrarian reform overshadows any need for techniques.

Arcs and Allies

There is another alternative, which dodges the problem of winning political co-operation from the Arab states. It is to ignore the hinterland (and its oil), and simply prepare to hold firmly the arc extending from Iskenderun, at the Turkish frontier, southward to Aqaba, at the head of the Red Sea. This would make the most of Israel's compact strength and Jordan's British-trained forces. It would shorten the defensive line to five hundred miles, covering the whole eastern shore of the Mediterranean, the canal, and the land bridge into Africa. It also would make maximum use of air bases at Cyprus, Suez, and Adana, all of which would be close up to the defensive arc for intensive operations with attack aviation.

Recurring rumors suggest another alternative—a withdrawal of Britain from most of the area, and substitution of the United States, as happened in Greece and Turkey in 1947. But this is fanciful. For one thing, we cannot suddenly divest ourselves, in the eyes of inflamed Islamic peoples, of our ties with "British imperialism." For another, we do not have a corps of astute military and diplomatic personnel skilled in dealing with Arab peoples. Indeed, we probably would alienate the Israelis in a clumsy attempt to create an *entente cordiale* with their Arab neighbors. Finally, the British have no intention of pulling out. Our military mission in Iran has helped to build a passable army. But neither it nor our diplomacy has assured that this army will fight on our side when the time comes to stand up and be counted—and shot at. In Turkey and Greece, American agents, military and civilian, have done a first-rate job. But those peoples wanted to be helped, wanted to align fully with NATO, and wanted to gird themselves for all-out resistance to Soviet power. The problem to the south is wholly different.

There is no rule of thumb for extending the Ridgway Line south and east to cover the high strategic stakes in the Middle East. Standard American approaches—the premasticated assistance patterns evolved through the years—just don't fit the case. But there still are two broad avenues on which to push ahead. One is that of *diplomacy*, including information and propaganda, and technical assistance as a talisman of unselfish intent. On this road, working with the British, we may hope to draw the poison out of anti-western Islamic nationalism and by patient compromise win over the Egyptians, and finally the others, to a Middle Eastern security pact. The wise handling of the Moslem bloc in the United Nations could help.

Rocky Road

The other avenue is that of outright *military* preparation. On this road, we (and the British, French, and Turks) would continue to accumulate in the Mediterranean and the eastern littoral —all the way from Casablanca to Basra —the ground, sea, and air components for effective defense of the most vital assets in the area.

Two generalized forecasts seem safe. First, the road of diplomatic effort will be a long and tortuous one, because the West is reaping the bitter fruits of a historic clash between western technology and eastern feudalism. Two revolutions are meeting and are not meshing—that of modern industry and trade, thrust on the area from the West, and that of frenzied nationalism, emerging from economies still feudal. Second, the road of military readiness will be costly, and it never will be quite enough in itself. To hold certain strategic positions, Anglo-American-Turkish forces probably will suffice. But to hold the Arab world generally against the Soviet threat, we need to have the Arabs in our corner. Right now, they aren't.

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'New Deal' In Egypt?

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

When news of General Mohammed Naguib's July *coup d'état* in Cairo reached Paris, *Le Monde* headlined its editorial: THE REVOLUTION IS ON THE MARCH. The *Times* of London showed itself more cautious, or more hopeful—depending on one's viewpoint. Its editorials during the week following King Farouk's abdication carefully stressed the legal and constitutional manner in which power had been transferred from the king to the Council of Ministers, which exercised it in the name of the infant Prince Fuad until the Regency Council of three—including a cousin of the deposed king—was set up.

According to the official viewpoint, both Egyptian and British, it was a revolution, but an orderly revolution—rather like the one which in 1688 laid the base for constitutional monarchy in Britain. This interpretation is backed by historical precedent, legal argument, and apparently by Naguib himself. There is only one flaw in it: It does not take account of the real events leading to the *coup d'état*, and of the forces set in motion by its success.

The Accidental Coup

It is clear now that the military movement leading to the king's abdication developed spontaneously from a demonstration of the army's power into something much more serious and unforeseen. The army leaders had thought they could purge the high command and cut the king down to size without raising any wider issues. When they launched their original coup, early on Wednesday, July 23, they had no thought of getting rid of Farouk. In fact, they wanted to work with him.

Within forty-eight hours, however, the confidential files of the War Ministry and the Political Police became available to them, with all the information they contained about the king's intention to arrest Naguib and his colleagues and remove them from public life through banishment to remote outposts. This disclosure initiated the second crisis, that of Friday, July 25, when Naguib—now military dictator—demanded that the king renounce most of his prerogatives and turn himself into a figurehead. Farouk refused.

At this point, with the protagonists standing firm on their respective positions, the underground forces which had backed the military leaders came into the open and forced a third phase. The "young" extremists among the officers now urged Naguib to get rid of the king altogether; their demand was backed by the leaders of the obscurantist and chauvinistic Moslem Brotherhood and by the somewhat less reactionary elements in the Wafd Party which would like to set up a republic. Together they carried the day, mobilizing their full strength overnight from Friday to Saturday, and giving Naguib the encouragement he needed to send the king into exile. During these crucial hours a coalition was formed which may yet give Egypt a genuinely revolutionary reform régime like that of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk in Turkey after the First World War. For a brief moment the floodgates seemed to have opened. Then they were shut again.

The fourth stage was marked by General Naguib's attempt to gain a little time. On Sunday, July 27, the day after the king's abdication, he announced: "The military movement has nothing to do with politics." He advised all callers who wanted to discuss politics to address themselves to the Premier, Aly Maher, an elderly, conservative politician whose appointment the army leaders had secured on July 24, when the king was still signing decrees. Naguib refused to make statements on relations with Britain, the future of the Sudan, or the Middle Eastern situation. He was, he said, a soldier and knew nothing of these matters. His aim was to purge the army of corrupt elements and to investigate the arms scandal which contributed to the Egyptian defeat in Palestine in 1948. As an afterthought he added that the country should purge itself generally, and return to the rules of honesty and the simple life. He sounded rather like Dwight Eisenhower making a campaign speech.

Interesting Discrepancies

Stage five (July 30) showed that such utterances were not intended to rule out all interests in nonmilitary matters. On that day, General Naguib received a deputation of Sudanese journalists visiting Egypt. He told them that Egypt and the Sudan should both "get rid of the intruder"—meaning Britain. (According to an unofficial version, he used the expression "the common enemy.") That, he thought, would make it possible to unite the two countries. On the subject of domestic politics he remarked that the king had

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tampered with the Constitution (this was later repeated in an official statement), and that it was the army's task to see that constitutional propriety was observed. It had been necessary to get rid of the king, he said, because misgovernment had led to a situation "where only a small spark was needed to cause a fire." The spark, he added, had been provided by the younger officers. This sounded more like Kemal, but the general opinion is still that Egypt will have to look elsewhere for its Atatürk.

It is not without interest to look at the reasons given by the leaders of the coup (or invented for them by the press) for the action they took and contrast them with the facts so far as they are known. There are interesting discrepancies. To start with the hero of the revolution, during the first forty-eight hours after his emergence it was generally recalled that he had been born in Khartoum, the capital of the Sudan, and educated at Gordon College, a British training institution for Sudanese; that his mother was a half-Sudanese married to an Egyptian officer stationed there; and that he therefore might take a less intransigently anti-British line than some of the nationalist politicians, especially since the Egyptian officer corps has many traditional links of friendship with the British Army. But of course it might also have been inferred that an officer of partly Sudanese extraction would be doubly conscious of "the unity of the Nile Valley." It might further have been remembered that the British expelled all Egyptian officials from the Sudan in 1924, just when Lieutenant Naguib was beginning his military career, and that a determination to unify the two countries under Egypt is practically the only thing on which all Egyptians are agreed.

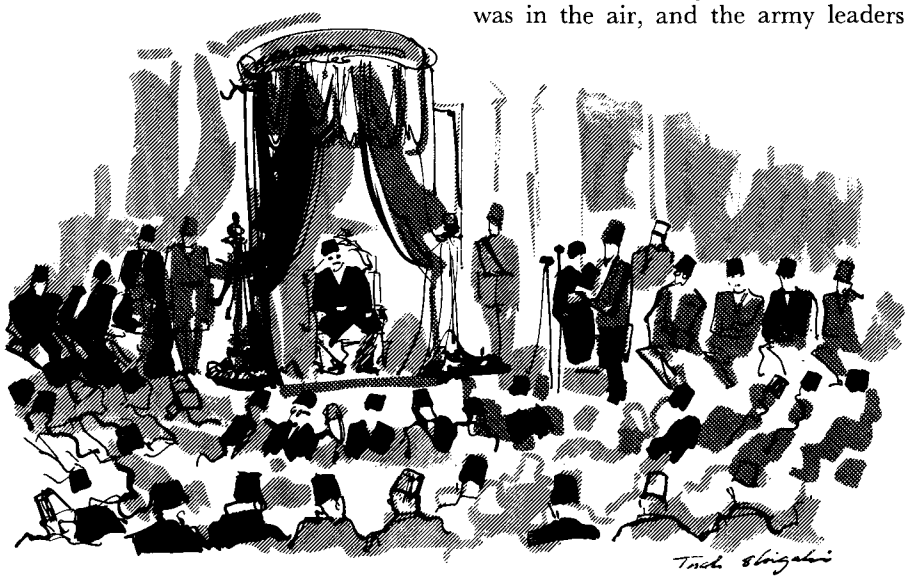
The Arms Scandal

Next, the Palestine arms scandal. This was played up by the military rebels as an important reason for taking action, the more so since the king had obstinately refused to dismiss the unpopular commander-in-chief, General Mohammed Haidar Pasha.

The arms scandal has been ballyhooed for years as an explanation of the Egyptian defeat in Israel in 1948. The Israeli authorities have repeatedly stated that the Egyptian forces had a profusion of arms, from planes to grenades, and that their defeat was due to clumsy tactics and bad leadership (save in the case of one brigade, which as it happens was commanded by a Sudanese officer, Brigadier Sayyid Taha, and which fought extremely well).

Naturally enough, the Egyptians don't accept this interpretation. To hear them, the campaign was ruined by lack of arms and supply of faulty ammunition. The fact that the Israeli Army had hardly any heavy weapons at all, until it captured some from the Egyptians, is ignored.

But the arms scandal was a ground on which all Egyptian factions could meet. The Public Prosecutor dismissed by the Nahas Government last year (at the king's insistence, it was said) was promptly reinstated. General Naguib announced that he was taking charge of the investigation himself. Haidar Pasha (who the rebels do not claim was personally implicated in the alleged fraud) was arrested, then released. The same fate befell a number of other high-ranking officers, and some members of the wealthy palace entourage were actually kept in jail pending further investigation. Exit visas were introduced, and it was announced that all the culprits would be brought to book.



In the general excitement, it was overlooked that since April 20 the Cairo Criminal Court has been conducting public hearings in the arms-and-ammunition case, and so far has discovered very little, except for excessive purchase commissions and some doubt over the utility of a consignment of hand grenades bought from Italy and reported to have contained many duds. The court, of course, may not have been pressing the investigation very hard, but on present evidence its successors are not likely to come up with a great deal of incriminating evidence either.

The opening of the trial on April 20 had been attended by high expectations of sensational disclosures, and there was considerable disappointment when it degenerated into a highly technical debate between prosecution and defense attorneys on the suitability of various types of arms. Apart from the business about the Italian hand grenades, nothing of any consequence turned up, and the defendants—who included a prince of the royal house, an admiral, a brigadier, and various other high-ranking officers—furnished exhaustive evidence that the arms they had purchased were such standard items as Oerlikon guns, Vickers-Armstrong 105-mm. cannon manufactured for Spain and released by the Franco government, and other useful toys with which the Israelis in their then state of military nakedness could not dream of competing. In fact, by the time the case was adjourned on July 8, anticlimax was in the air, and the army leaders had to strike fast if they wanted to save the legend. They struck.

Who's Who

Egypt has gone through two major crises this year: the popular upheaval of January 26, when Cairo was turned into a shambles by a raging mob until the army stepped in, and the revolt of July 23-26, when the same army

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stepped in once more and sent the king packing. In the interval the forces behind the January 26 movement—the Moslem Brotherhood and the left wing of the Wafd—had transferred their allegiance from the populace to the army. The focus of their successful agitation was the officers' corps, chiefly the "young officers" (below the rank of brigadier) who, like other "young officers" in the Middle East, have for years been dreaming of a Strong Man. In General Naguib they found him. Having found him, they lost him.

General Naguib, it turned out, had no clear political ideas of his own. He was no Cromwell, merely an honest soldier who aimed to turn the rascals out. How little he felt in sympathy with the "young officers" was shown by his insistence on Aly Maher as Premier. Maher, who is sixty-eight and represents the governing oligarchy in its purest form, has been the king's man ever since he entered public life. If he has a program, it is to get rid of General Naguib as fast as possible and return Egypt to constitutional rule as it is understood in that country. The next round clearly lies between those two, and if Maher resigns or is driven out, the army will be no better off. It must still find ways of handling the Wafd, the Moslem Brotherhood, Ahmed Hussein's falsely labeled Socialist Party, and the Communists.

In a dispassionate view, this is what is likely to happen, for no Government headed by Aly Maher—or by Nahas, for that matter—can carry through a genuine purge of public life. Nahas (no longer a pasha, since titles were abolished by the new régime) and his chief colleague, Fuad Serag el-Din, jointly led the Wafd Government to ruin last January, when it collapsed in bloodshed and near revolution. They are now challenged in their own party by crypto-republican left-wingers around the former Foreign Minister, Saleh el-Din, who happens not to be tainted with corruption and can therefore afford to back the "purge." Rushing back from their European holiday to take charge of the revolution which had broken out in their absence, they discovered that they had lost a lot of ground and were reduced to fawning on the dictator. Treated coldly, they fell back on their usual intrigues.

Nahas and Farouk needed each other: Their mutual enmity kept the wheel of Egyptian politics turning, and various elder statesmen of the oligarchy—Hussein Sirry, Hilaly, Maher—intervened from time to time to redress the balance. This whole traditional game has now been upset and cannot be resumed. The army must find new allies.

Heirs to Power

These would-be allies are ready. They are the Moslem Brotherhood—conservative, xenophobic, and not averse to a little radical demagoguery; the Wafdist left-wingers — crypto-republican and vaguely pro-Soviet; the fascists proper, now camouflaged as the "Socialist Party"; and the Communists. The latter are out of the game for the time being. They are biding their time. Wafdists and Brotherhood both have their partisans in the officers' corps of the army.

Naguib and Aly Maher, representing military and civilian conservatism respectively, are uneasily perched on top of this disintegrating alliance of motley forces, agreed on nothing save the demand for a "new deal." The cry against corruption is their shield.

Egypt is now being offered the chance of a genuine Kemalist revolution. The present phase corresponds to that reached in Turkey before Kemal came on the stage and the army reformers still hoped to work through the monarchy. The conflict may next resolve itself into a struggle between a military dictatorship with revolutionary aims and all the massed forces of conservatism, both oligarchical and popular.

Alternatively, conservative and liberal cliques in the army may seesaw in power. An officers' junta which rules behind the scenes is not a novel phenomenon. Experience shows that it can ally itself with a succession of civilian Governments professing different aims, as did the Bulgarian "Zveno" officers' league in the period between the two World Wars. It then depends on the conflict of opinion among the officers whether the régime shall be republican or monarchist, radical or conservative. Bulgaria went through all these phases between 1923, when the officers' league launched its first coup, and 1944, when it finally threw in its lot with the Communist Party. In the interval it had tried pretty nearly everything.

Islam or Modernity?

The same might happen in Egypt, but in an Islamic country there is a basic issue which has first to be resolved: Is society to be reformed on the old social and cultural basis, or is a radical break to be made with the past? Many Egyptian nationalists undoubtedly want both a revolution that will make Egypt "strong" and a firm defense of Moslem culture against the West. But there are modernists in the Wafd who are looking for a Kemal, and in any case may be too late to reform the state without challenging the traditional values. There is the awkward fact that no country bound by Moslem tradition has, until now, shown itself capable of assimilating the Industrial Revolution. Turkey had to break with Islamic customs to become modern and efficient. If this truth dawns on Egyptian nationalists, the revolution may enter a totally new phase.

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Senator Cain, Washington Hamlet

DOUGLASS CATER

THE DISARMING—and in a way attractive—thing about Harry Pulliam Cain at first meeting is the fact that he looks so little like a Senator. As he moves among the balding heads and the hefty paunches in the Senate chamber, the junior Senator from Washington might almost be mistaken for a somewhat weather-beaten college boy turned loose among his elders. Cain has managed to keep the lean, wiry body of a youth. His dress leans toward the collegiate—Oxford-cloth shirts with button-down collars, black knit ties, and in spring and summer the white buckskin shoes once popular among undergraduates.

Cain's behavior in the Senate also has its youthful aspects, at times clashing fiercely with Senatorial dignity. On the floor he may frequently be seen with hands thrust deep into pants pockets, one leg perched upon a chair, tie loosened, shirt collar unbuttoned, and, on certain occasions, with shoes removed. Cain's deep, rasping voice and his well-practiced use of it are perhaps the principal evidences of his forty-six years.

Cain has never allowed himself to forget that he is involved in what he probably considers the greatest show of the ages. Unlike some of his colleagues who play their roles with monotonous pomposity, Cain knows that for each scene there must be an appropriate, and different, mood. Even the dull colloquy of a committee hearing can be tremendously enlivened if only someone, e.g., Harry Cain, can work in enough striding to and fro and burying of face in hands before thrusting the telling question at an unsuspecting witness. His committee audiences have been known to burst into spontaneous applause.

Doom and Ticker Tape

On June 30, 1950, Cain gave the Senate one of his most memorable performances. Five days earlier the North Koreans had invaded South Korea. The Senators were considering fiscal 1951's Military Assistance Program, discussing appropriations that they knew were already pitifully outdated. It was a tense and dramatic moment, and Senator Cain was ready for it.

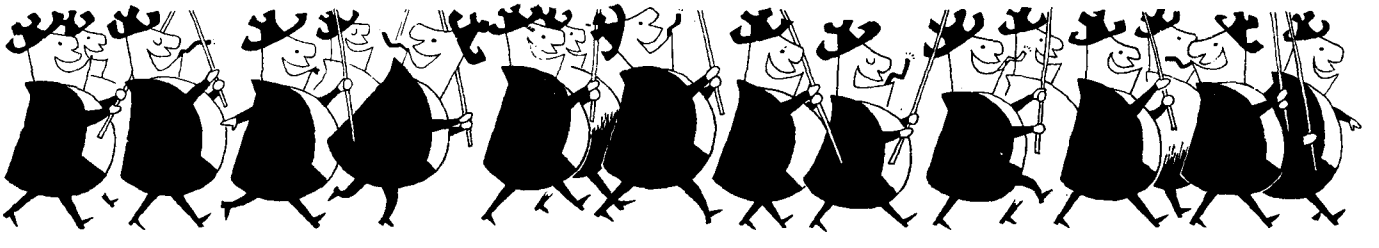
During a part of the Second World War, Cain told the Senators, he had been assigned to an Allied Control Commission in Brindisi, Italy—"months . . . cold, cheerless and miserably dreary but . . . filled with conversations which predicted, in remarkably accurate fashion, the pattern of things to come." Members of the Russian mission attached to the Allied commission, he declared, had revealed "what the Soviets had in mind for the years ahead.

"Because we did not stop what we had an opportunity to stop before the outbreak of war last Saturday," he said, "perhaps now, as a result of what we did not do, we have started mankind moving down a road which quickly will lead back to the Dark Ages . . ."

Of the bill under discussion, Cain could only say regretfully: "To my mind, the bill offers a degree of hope and protection to us in America and to our friends around the world, particularly in the North Atlantic area, which simply does not presently exist."

Suddenly a piece of ticker tape was handed to Senator Cain. He paused to read: "The following is the text of the White House announcement authorizing the use of ground troops in Korea . . ." Cain broke off. "Why should I read any further, Mr. President? Why should *any* man read any further . . . ?"

For a first-time visitor in the Senate gallery, Cain's powerful outline of Armageddon might have called to mind the words of the Delphic oracle or of an Old Testament prophet. Stilted and verbose though the speech may have been, it was undeniably eloquent, and it was uttered in tones of deep, convinc-



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ing sincerity. Why, the listener might have asked, hadn't the Senators listened to this man earlier?

'It Frightens Me'

A Washington journalist or a political scientist would have had something of an advantage over the sightseer. One of these men might have referred the latter to the Congressional Record for:

April 16, 1947. Senator Harry Cain announces that he will vote only reluctantly for Greek-Turkish aid funds. "The so-called Truman Doctrine frightens me, Mr. President," says Cain.

May 6, 1948. Cain, in the exclusive company of Senator Glen Taylor of Idaho, votes against a bill to increase the Air Force to seventy groups.

September 22, 1949. Cain rises in the Senate to oppose the first Foreign Military Assistance Act to provide arms to Korea as well as western Europe. "The junior Senator from Washington has had a most difficult time in recent weeks in his effort to determine his vote on the pending business. My only other comparable experience was the seventy air group authorization question. . . . On that vote, I finally said 'No,' because I thought the intended program was beyond our national ability to achieve success . . ."

Similar doubts about "our national ability to achieve success" may have prompted Cain's votes against the Korean Aid Act of 1949, the Point Four Program in 1950, and, only one month before the outbreak of fighting in Korea, his vote in favor of ending the Marshall Plan, which included measures for assistance to Korea, non-Communist China, and Formosa.

Cain's most startling foreign-policy solo flight occurred on April 17, 1951, when he simultaneously laid two resolutions before the Senate. One was entitled "Declaration of State of War Between the North Korean Regime, the Chinese Communist Regime, and the Government of the United States"; the other, "Proposal for the Orderly Withdrawal of the Armed Forces of the United States from Korea." "As for me, sir," Cain declared to the presiding officer, "there is not now, nor will there ever be, any middle ground. Freedom, to which I pledge my allegiance, must either fight and sacrifice, struggle and die, to survive; or freedom —and I think now of Korea—must withdraw in the hope that another opportunity to be successful will be afforded."

Again Cain was to find that his colleagues failed to see things the way he saw them. Even those who had stood more forthrightly for military preparedness in the past were aghast at the grim alternatives he posed.

Tennessee to Tacoma

Harry Cain and a twin brother were born on January 10, 1906, in Nashville, Tennessee. Not long afterward the family moved to Tacoma, Washington. In his childhood Harry was deeply upset by two events: the death of his mother, to whom he was very close, and an attack of ear and tonsil infection which resulted in partial paralysis of the face. Acquaintances of the Cain family from this period have reported that these afflictions caused Harry to withdraw from the company of other children and to become a silent, moody boy. After schooling in Tacoma, Cain returned South to attend the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee. He then took a job in the Tacoma branch of the Bank of California. He soon moved into politics—as an ardent Democrat—and before very long was elected head of the Young Democrats of Pierce County.

So gradual was Cain's transition from Democrat to Republican that no one seems to be able to pinpoint the time of the switch. In 1940 he ran as a nonpartisan candidate for mayor of Tacoma and came in third in the primary. But the man who had run first dropped dead as he was making a campaign speech. Cain's name was a substituted on the ballot and he won in the runoff. The strange manner in which victory had been thrust upon him made a strong impression on Cain. "Whenever I start to weaken," he has since remarked, "I think of Dr. Kerstetter saying 'thank you' and falling over dead." A religious man, he wonders if it was not someone he usually calls "a Guy in the sky" who was responsible.

After being re-elected in 1942, Cain took a leave of absence to go to war. He served in North Africa and Europe, then returned to Tacoma in 1945 as a colonel with several decorations. In 1946, now a registered Republican, he ran against Hugh Mitchell for the Senate. He carried twenty-nine of Wash-

Wide World

Cain

Cain and Cain

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ington's thirty-nine cities, but lost his home town of Tacoma as well as the surrounding Pierce County.

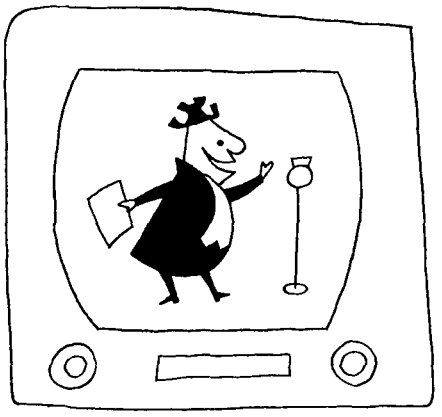
In 1946 the voters, disgruntled with unsettled postwar conditions, elected a Republican majority to both houses of Congress. Joseph McCarthy, James P. Kem, William Jenner, and Zales Ecton, other Senatorial products of this discontent, rapidly gained the title of "The Meat Shortage Boys." Harry Cain was not included in this group when he first arrived in Washington. For one thing, Cain had induced Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, spokesman for the most liberal segment of the Republican Party, to speak in his behalf. In 1946 there was every reason to accept the conclusion of *U.S. News* that "Harry Cain, of Washington, is expected to be active in the liberal, pro-labor Republican bloc . . ."

High Priest of Housing

Wayne Morse was not the only man in the capital who was expecting great things of the new Senator from Washington. Wilson Wyatt, then Housing Expediter and National Housing Administrator, had known Cain when they were both members of the American Mayors Association. On learning of Cain's election, he remarked to a friend that Cain was one Republican at least who would understand something about housing problems.

The conflict over housing in Congress was not a simple fight between those who believed in the free-enterprise system and those who believed in government participation. It was a dispute over how the nation's housing industry and its supporting credit institutions could be prodded into meeting the nation's housing demands. In one camp was the group that fought under the banner of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. These men rallied behind such mysterious symbols as Section 608 (FHA-insured rental housing) and "Fanny May," a colloquialism for the Federal National Mortgage Association, which provides a secondary market for the housing loans made by credit institutions. And they fought like bloody zealots for the abolition of rent controls.

In another camp were those who believed that the government's housing program should have a larger purpose than simply the enrichment of the real-estate interests. They recognized that



Section 608 housing was often based on phony cost estimates, resulting in inflated rents and, as one expert later remarked, "more postwar millionaires than any other single enterprise in America." Members of this group also had doubts about the way "Fanny May" was being used to foist a lot of bad credit risks on the Federal government. But they were willing to go along with these programs if, in turn, provisions were worked out for meeting the needs of low- and middle-income groups. They also demanded that rent controls be retained until the pent-up pressure for housing had been alleviated.

Falling Flat on Fanny May

Senator Harry Cain moved into this complicated field with a sureness of purpose that has been missing from his foreign-policy ventures. Almost his first act as a Senator was the co-sponsorship of a bill proposing a blanket fifteen per cent rent increase. Cain's second speech in the Senate opposed the nomination of Dillon S. Myer as U.S. Housing Authority Administrator. "The questions I have asked Mr. Myer," said Cain, ". . . were not answered to my satisfaction." Cain had asked Myer if he was prepared to place some 166,000 defense housing units on the public market—an act which would have brought untold joy to real-estate speculators.

The acid test of the Senator's housing views came in 1948. Senator Taft, then chairman of the Senate Majority Policy Committee and an aspirant for the Republican Presidential nomination, had joined with Senators Ellender of Louisiana and Wagner of New York to sponsor a housing bill which included provision for public low-rental housing. Cain and Joseph R. McCarthy (then more preoccupied with housing than with Communists) lined themselves up in bitter opposition. When, despite their best efforts, the Taft-Ellender-Wagner housing bill passed the Senate, Senator Cain attempted a final stratagem of sabotage that violated every concept of Senatorial courtesy and aroused the wrath even of those who agreed with him.

The incident occurred on Friday, April 30, 1948—the day before the Kentucky Derby. By an agreement too sacred to be mentioned aloud, no business of any consequence is ever brought up in the Senate on such a day. Indeed, it is highly possible that if Cain had waited a little later in the afternoon, a quorum might not have been found within the environs of Washington, and the nation might have witnessed the mortifying spectacle of the Senate's sergeant at arms being dispatched to Louisville to arrest and return frolicking Senators.

Cain's stratagem was fairly complicated, though his motive was quite simple. Funds for Fanny May were running out, and there was a routine motion before the Senate to provide supplemental funds for a three-month period until the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill, which also contained provisions for Fanny May, could be acted on by the House of Representatives. Without warning, Cain suddenly introduced an amendment to extend Fanny May for a full year; and with the active connivance of Floor Leader Wherry, he pushed through a half-hour adjournment to meet parliamentary requirements and then called for a vote on his amendment. If separate enactment of beloved Fanny May could thus be secured, the real-estate lobby would be left free to attack the remaining provisions of the T.-E.-W. bill in the House, where its members knew they had ready allies.

Senator Burnet R. Maybank of South Carolina suddenly became suspicious and sounded the alarm. Aided by others, he resorted to several lengthy quorum calls to force delay; finally Cain was obliged to yield. When his amendment came up for consideration the following Wednesday, it was soundly defeated.

Realtors vs. Voters

For four years the junior Senator from Washington worked constantly to force the sale of defense housing to private groups, despite the combined

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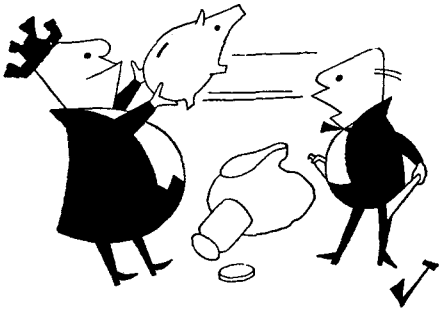
opposition of the city councils of Bremerton, Seattle, and Spokane, and, later, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the League of Woman Voters. He fought a series



of losing battles to abolish rent control, finally, in June, 1950, staging an exhausting twelve-hour-and-eight-minute filibuster against its further extension. Cain's office was considered one of the principal conduits for the flow of confidential material from the Office of the Housing Expediter to the National Association of Real Estate Boards. "Whenever NAREB wanted anything which we refused to give them," one man in the Expediter's office commented, "we knew that in a matter of hours Cain would be on the phone demanding it."

At the opening of the Eighty-Second Congress, Harry Cain switched from the Banking Committee to the Armed Services Committee. Since that time, he has been curiously silent on the subject of housing. Several explanations have been offered, the best coming from a man who worked closely with him during his period on the Banking Committee. "Being the nation's No. 1 real-estate lobbyist," he said, "is no way to become a second-term Senator from Washington or any other state."

Slander by Denial

A survey of Cain's record in the Senate indicates little else that will be attractive to Washingtonians when he comes up for re-election in November. His votes on labor issues have earned the promise of Ed Weston, president of the Washington State Federation of Labor (which supported him in 1946), to "slit . . . Cain's political throat from ear to ear." On public power, an issue of vital importance to the Pacific Northwest, Cain has voted continually for curtailment and restriction. He professes to be neutral on the subject of the Columbia Valley Authority. "I have presented both sides of this very interesting and absorbing story," he wrote constituents, "in an effort to inform you and have refrained from taking a position at this time on the issue."

A government administrator who has dealt with Cain rather frequently across the committee table once remarked, "You know, I cannot help but feel when I am facing that man that he is not completely serious. No matter how he carries on, he seems to me to have his tongue in cheek, to be perfectly aware that he is acting a part."

There is an element of truth in this observation. A veneer seems to coat Cain's true emotion even when he undertakes the heavy burden of backstopping his friend Joe McCarthy. (Cain has attacked Drew Pearson for attacking McCarthy for attacking General George Marshall.) It was cunning, not heat, that characterized his skillfully indirect smear of his Republican colleague, Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, last April because Wiley had indicated in a speech that not everything about U.S. foreign policy was wrong. Cain solemnly announced that he wished to deny saying that "the senior Senator from Wisconsin was an illiterate country bumpkin, inflated to the point of bombast by the fact that the purely automatic processes of seniority had hoisted him to the dizzy height of senior Republican member of the Foreign Relations Committee and that it would be a simple matter to take him to the cleaners."

There have been times during the past few years, however, when no one could deny that the real Harry Cain was deeply and unhappily involved in the life about him.

There was the strange, tense period in November, 1948, when Cain disappeared from his room at the Bethesda Naval Hospital, where he had gone for observation, summoned a press conference at his office two days later, and announced that he and his wife planned to be divorced. The divorce never took place.

Pick on a Pygmy Your Own Size

There was another occasion, on April 10, 1950, when Cain arose on the Senate floor to answer an assertion by *Time* magazine that he was among the Senate's "expendables." He began his speech with some of his best sarcasms. When he held up to ridicule *Time*'s technique of encapsulating a man in one gaudy adjectival phrase, no one could deny that *Time* had it coming.

But then Cain's mood and manner changed, from the biting to the bitter. He began to discuss the correspondent he thought had treated him so badly.

The reporter's name was Frank McNaughton. It seemed that McNaughton had not finished college (for financial reasons), that he had not been in the armed service (because of ulcers), and that he was not a voter (because as a political writer he believes he should not participate in partisan politics).

Cain told the Senators he had summoned McNaughton to his office and was anxious to tell them about the ensuing interview. For the better part of the afternoon Cain concentrated his best talents on McNaughton. "If ever I sat with a human being who was smug, arrogant, self-centered, vain and frustrated, that man bore the name of McNaughton. . . . This ulcer-burdened young American who could neither vote nor fight. . . . The agent *Time* magazine has today was a 4-F in war and stands out as a 4-F in peace. . . . McNaughton has undoubtedly encouraged other men to die, but he has never stood on the sidelines and watched them die.

"During our conversation," Cain concluded, "I lost the rich anger and indignation which has possessed me for several weeks. I lost even what had been my desire to laugh in the face of this pygmy. I did not even want to bat him around physically because that would have been like punching a bag of mush."

When he had finished, the Senate was hushed. In the press gallery, Frank McNaughton had sat imperturbably throughout. Those who had watched Cain got an uneasy feeling that at last he had dropped all pretense and revealed what lay beneath.

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Cliffhanger in Cincinnati: How Newspapermen Became Publishers

JAMES A. MAXWELL

THE AVERAGE reporter's knowledge of the world of finance is likely to be limited to the down payment required for the purchase of a Chevrolet two-door sedan, the carrying charges on an 8.3-cubic-foot refrigerator bought on time, and the rough equality that must be maintained between bank balance and the total amount of checks issued. All such matters as voting trusts, convertible debentures, and common and preferred stocks are cheerfully left within the province of the man on the business beat, an assignment usually looked upon as being only slightly more desirable than writing notes on the doings of garden clubs.

But just as war uncovers the stuff of heroes in the most unlikely of men, so did the projected sale this spring of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* to the *Times-Star* reveal startling financial acumen among the *Enquirer* staff. Faced with problems that might well have discouraged the early Morgans and Vanderbilts, armed at first with little more than a determination that the *Enquirer* must maintain its independence, the employees brought to successful conclusion a transaction that resembled a Hitchcock movie script more than a venture into high finance. Even staid corporation lawyers, cautious brokers, and ultraconservative bankers were caught up in the melodrama of suspense and hairbreadth rescue. The usual caution of such men, if not thrown to the winds, was at least allowed to flutter violently.

The first act was quiet enough. In June, 1951, the Cincinnati *Times-Star,* an afternoon paper owned by the Taft family, began unpublicized negotiations to buy the morning *Enquirer.* It had been no secret that the *Enquirer* was for sale. As part of the estate of the late John R. McLean, the paper had long earned a comfortable profit, but the trustees, a Washington bank, felt that the precarious nature of the newspaper business made the *Enquirer* something less than an ideal investment for an estate. Several other publishers besides the Tafts had already made bids, but none of these had been sufficiently attractive.

The Tafts' Inside Track

Because of potential savings in operating costs, the *Times-Star* was in a position to make a far higher offer than any outside buyer. As an afternoon paper with its own office building and comparatively new presses, it could not only have housed the morning *Enquirer* and thus saved the $170,000-per-year rental on the Enquirer Building but could also have effected vast economies by combining mechanical facilities. Since the *Enquirer* enjoyed a monopoly in the morning and Sunday fields, the Taft family's only remaining newspaper competition in Cincinnati would have been the Scripps-Howard *Post.*

With these advantages, the *Times-Star* offered $7.5 million for the *Enquirer,* a bid about fifty per cent higher than any previously received. The terms called for $1,250,000 in cash and the remainder paid over twelve years.

The news that the 111-year-old *Enquirer* was about to become a Taft property broke in January of this year. The story was received glumly by many Cincinnatians who felt that their city was being caught up in the dismal —though perhaps economically inevitable—trend toward the concentration of the press into fewer and fewer hands. Each year, the nation has seen more papers die or pass into the control of competitors, and the *Enquirer–Times-Star* merger seemed part of the general contraction. While rivalry between the local papers had rarely been bitter, readers recognized their stake in the maintenance of a maximum number of independent presentations of the news. The purchase of the *Enquirer* would have put the Tafts in a formidable position. In addition to the *Times-Star,* the family owns a television station and two radio stations. One of the latter is heard on all Cincinnati busses.

Pegler vs. Sokolsky

There is little doubt that in recent years the *Enquirer* has been a much more aggressive paper than the *Times-Star.* The morning paper has gone in heavily for columnists, both local and syndicated, has bought most of the more popular comics, and has featured local "exposé" stories. The layout shows thought and imagination. While the *Times-Star* gives wider news

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coverage, it is comparatively stodgy.

In terms of editorial viewpoint, the *Enquirer* and *Times-Star* could unite without an ideological ripple. Both are strong supporters of Senator Robert A. Taft's brand of Republicanism. The differences that exist are not in the songs the two sing but rather in their styles of delivery. The *Enquirer* is considerably shriller in its projection than the afternoon paper. Possibly this dissimilarity is best illustrated by the fact that Westbrook Pegler is guest artist on the *Enquirer's* editorial page, while the somewhat more temperate George Sokolsky is featured on the *Times-Star's*.

Forbidding the Banns

Despite the essential harmony of editorial ideas, many of the *Enquirer* staff were upset by the news of the projected marriage of the two papers. It is unlikely, however, that many of the employees, at least in the editorial department, felt any great fear of losing their jobs. The *Times-Star's* benign, paternalistic employment policy is well known in Cincinnati; most newspapermen consider entry on the Taft payroll the beginning of an annuity. Actually, not long after the story of the merger was released, Hulbert Taft and Roger Ferger, publishers of the *Times-Star* and *Enquirer* respectively, issued statements pledging that no one in the editorial or advertising departments would be released because of the amalgamation. This same proclamation also asserted that Ferger would be retained as head of the *Enquirer*.

But none of these factors soothed the *Enquirer* staff's troubled sentiments about the sale. They liked the *Enquirer,* they liked working for the *Enquirer,* and they liked the idea of its remaining independent. Almost as soon as he had finished reading the story of the merger plan, James H. Ratliff, Jr., a general-assignments reporter, hurried into the office of city editor Jack Cronin and firmly announced that something had to be done. Ratliff, a man in his early forties with the perpetually harassed air of an overworked bookkeeper, had no more experience in the complex orbit of financial empires than any of the other denizens of the city room, but it is generally agreed that it was his fanatical determination which kept the employees' cause alive when almost everyone else had given up hope.

On that particular morning in January, however, he and Cronin saw only one faint glimmer of light. Although the trustees of the McLean estate had agreed to the sale of the *Times-Star,* court approval of the transaction was necessary because of the heirs involved. The two newspapermen decided to talk with John R. ("Jock") McLean, one of the heirs, to see how he felt about the deal.

A call to McLean's home in Palm Beach, Florida, brought the first encouragement. He announced that he and his brother Ned were going to oppose the sale on the *Times-Star's* terms, and offered to have his New York attorney call Ratliff to see if the employees could make a better bid. Ratliff and Cronin added four members to their original committee of two, and a long series of telephone conversations with the McLean lawyers in New York began.

However, in mid-March the McLeans dropped all support of the employees' project, since until that time the newspapermen had offered nothing more tangible than hope. The heirs, however, continued their fight against the sale to the *Times-Star*. Desperately, the employees' committee of six was expanded to twenty-four members, with every department of the paper represented, and a powerful drive for financial pledges from all of the workers was begun.

Hocking the Piano

The committee wanted to be certain that the staff was seriously behind the move, so no pledge of less than $1,000 was accepted. The pledges were legally binding documents, payable upon demand. The results were startling. Within eight days, nearly five hundred of the *Enquirer's* 850 employees had signed, and the amount hypothecated was over $900,000. To meet their obligations, many of the staff knew that they would have to mortgage homes, automobiles, or household furnishings.

To bolster this treasure chest, an appeal for pledges was made to the general public. Outside aid brought the pledge total to about $1.5 million. The greatest response came from comparatively wealthy supporters of Cincinnati's Charter Party, a coalition group of Democrats and maverick Republicans, which has opposed the regular G.O.P. organization in municipal elections for more than a quarter of a century. Incidentally, for many years the *Enquirer* has been one of the most bitter and vo-

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ciferous of the Charter group's opponents.

It was now April, and Judge Bolitha J. Laws of the Federal District Court, in Washington, had set April 28 as the date for his final decision. On the twenty-fifth, the employees were staggered to learn that the McLean heirs had dropped all objections to the sale to the *Times-Star* and had, in fact, joined the trustees in advocating the acceptance of the Taft offer. An agreement to back $6.25 million in notes with mortgages on *Times-Star* real estate had brought about the change.

Nevertheless, on April 26, Ratliff, with nothing more than his packet of pledge cards, presented the bank trustees in Washington with an employees' bid of $8 million, half a million more than the *Times-Star's* offer. The bankers gave bored smiles as they rejected the proposal. Faith, they agreed, was an admirable quality, but it had no place in a financial transaction.

This curt dismissal didn't keep Ratliff and his cohorts out of Judge Laws's courtroom on April 28, and by that time former Senator Millard E. Tydings and Arthur B. Condon had been retained as legal representatives of the employees. Tydings presented the bid to the somewhat startled judge, who immediately demanded to know something about the people behind it. The attorney for the trust company said Ratliff headed an irresponsible group whose only purpose was to block the sale to the *Times-Star*.

The next three days were spent in hearing testimony from outside publishers and others that the Taft offer was excellent. But Tydings's plea that free bidding should be encouraged before disposal of a trust-held property won the court's approval, and Judge Laws ordered the trust company to accept offers from anyone until May 16. His recommendations, he said, would be heard ten days after that.

Suddenly it seemed that all the employees' problems had been solved. Halsey, Stuart & Co., Inc., a large Chicago bond house, took an interest in the cause of the *Enquirer* staff and, after some investigation, agreed to underwrite a $6-million bond issue. This amount, plus the money already pledged to buy stock, would enable Ratliff's committee to offer the McLean trustees a cash settlement for the paper.

Again the bankers shook their heads. There were endless complications that might interfere with the issuance of the bonds, they said, and besides, there was nothing but pledge cards to show for the rest of the money.

Further Perils of Pauline

Frantically, the employees' lawyers petitioned the court for an extension of the final date for receiving offers, from May 16 to May 23. Judge Laws granted the delay. Back to Cincinnati went the reporters, their eyes scanning the horizon for miracles.

Someone suggested that Westheimer & Co., a Cincinnati brokerage house, might underwrite a $3-million stock issue to supplement the $6 million to be received from Halsey, Stuart for the

bonds. Negotiations were begun with Westheimer and were still under way late on May 22, just forty-five minutes before the departure of the last plane that could get the committee to Washington in time to present the new offer. Somehow the financiers moved at the necessary Pearl White pace, and Ratliff made the plane with the reprieve—or rather the underwriting agreement—in his pocket.

The new bid was handed in, and then there was a long weekend wait until Monday, May 26, when the trust company was to make its final recommendation and the judge was to give his approval. But Monday morning saw no final embrace between the *Enquirer* and its employees. "Too many loopholes in the employees' offer," said the officers of the bank. "We approve the *Times-Star* offer," said the attorneys for the heirs.

Millard Tydings was on his feet to offer all cash if the court would grant a ninety-day extension, saying a million would be on hand in ten days. Judge Laws said he wanted a little time to think things over.

As the employee representatives flew back to Cincinnati Monday evening, they knew that only one man could save them now. His name, unhappily, they did not know. The man they were looking for had to have money, $7.5 million to be exact, and be willing to advance it to the committee until such time as the funds were forthcoming from Halsey, Stuart and Westheimer.

On Tuesday, H. L. Stuart, president of the Chicago firm, was called from Cincinnati and asked if he could find the man for them. Stuart said he would try. With only this frayed thread of hope remaining, the committee sent a telegram to Judge Laws that afternoon asking him to hold off the final word. The judge gave the committee until 4 P.M. Wednesday.

It was ten o'clock Tuesday night before Stuart called back. He had the name of a man who might be interested in the employees' problem. The man was Cyrus Eaton, a Cleveland financier, who along with being president of Portsmouth Steel Corporation, a holding company, is a bitter political opponent of Robert A. Taft. By midnight, city editor Jack Cronin was on a train to Cleveland.

Negotiations went on at *tempo prestissimo*. Faced with the 4 P.M. deadline, Cronin and Eaton would agree on certain points in the projected contract, and then Cronin would hastily call Ratliff, who was holding the employees' committee in constant session in Cincinnati, to receive its endorsement. Eaton offered to lend the money for ninety days at a fee of $250,000, payable in cash or stock.

Meanwhile, Tydings and Condon in Washington were being constantly apprised of developments. As soon as sufficient facts were available, they hurried to Judge Laws to ask for another extension.

At 4:30 P.M., Judge Laws was still listening to arguments. Before him was a printed decision, presumably approving the sale of the *Enquirer* to the

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Times-Star. Finally the judge opened his desk drawer and put the decision away. Five days more—until the following Tuesday, June 3—would be granted to the employees.

The frantic work continued throughout the long Memorial Day weekend On Monday, former Judge Robert S. Marx, a Cincinnati attorney and a director of Portsmouth Steel, arrived in Washington with Robert Kaiser, secretary of the corporation. Tydings's office remained open all night; four stenographers worked in relays; no one had any sleep or breakfast. At 10:30 A.M. Tuesday, a fourteen-page offer was handed to the officers of the trust company. The new bid called for $7.6 million—$100,000 over the *Times-Star* proposal, payable in cash within ninety days.

At one-thirty in the afternoon, the exultant *Enquirer* team met with the bankers. This time the roof seemed literally to fall. "There might be lawsuits from Portsmouth stockholders within ninety days," the bankers said. "Sorry."

Back in Judge Laws's court, the employees' representatives heard the trust company and the representatives of the heirs again advocate the sale to the *Times-Star*. Suddenly Marx was on his feet. "We'll give you the cash, all of it, as soon as the paper changes hands." It was then three o'clock. Judge Laws gave Marx until five o'clock to put this in writing and deliver it to the officers of the trust company.

Darkest Hour and Dawn

Marx and Tydings rushed back to Tydings's office to call Cyrus Eaton for approval of the change of plans. But Eaton was on his way to Steep Rock in Manitoba, Canada. Marx and Tydings stared at each other. Nothing could be done.

And then the miracle happened. At 4 P.M., just an hour before all doors were to be closed, Cyrus Eaton called Marx from Canada to find out how things were going. Marx told him about the new development. "Give them the cash," Eaton said.

A startled stenographer in Tydings's office saw two frantic-looking men, Marx and Tydings, almost running at her. "Put a piece of paper in your typewriter!" Tydings shouted. "Don't bother with a carbon copy. We haven't time." The rapid clicking of the typewriter followed Marx's words as he dictated. As soon as the girl had finished, the paper containing the cash offer was snatched from the machine and two somewhat elderly gentlemen bounded out of the office toward the elevators.

It was exactly 4:55 P.M. when Marx and Tydings by-passed a secretary and hurried into the office of the trust company official. At 4:58 P.M., the official went to an outer office and showed the document to Robert A. Taft, Jr., who was waiting to see that the 5 P.M. deadline was not violated.

The job was not finished, however. Judge Laws was to give his final decision on Friday, and even Portsmouth Steel would have difficulty getting nearly $8 million out of its banks with only two days' notice. A temporary loan was necessary, and this could be made only with the approval of Portsmouth Steel's board of directors.

On Thursday, the Portsmouth Steel Corporation had a board meeting over a telephone hookup that covered six cities in the United States and Steep Rock (pop. 75) in Canada. Marx was on one phone in his hotel room in Washington. Kaiser, secretary of the company, was on an extension in the bathroom. A tape recorder preserved everything that was said. After Kaiser had called the roll, Eaton moved to make the necessary loan. Discussion followed and Kaiser took the vote. Everyone said "Aye." A group of banks made the loan the same day and on Friday morning the funds were on deposit with the American Security and Trust Company.

On Friday, June 6, all interested parties reassembled in Judge Laws's courtroom. For the first time, the employees' representatives heard the trustees recommend acceptance of their offer. At 2:50 P.M., the judge concurred in the recommendation. As soon as the official entry was made in the court records, Marx handed the bank officials a check for $7,600,000. Title to the *Enquirer* was handed to Ratliff.

Final Clinch

In spite of what might be considered an inside track, the *Enquirer* was scooped on its own story. The anxiously waiting employees in Cincinnati heard the news from a reporter of the afternoon *Post*. But this minor journalistic embarrassment did nothing to dampen the wild, spontaneous demonstration that followed. Reporters, copy boys, stenographers, printers, all began to yell "It's ours! It's ours!" as word spread throughout the building. Men pounded desks, pumped each other's hands, shouted, tossed paper in the air, laughed, and generally held high revel.

By now, the staff is taking a sober look at its transaction. Cincinnati Enquirer, Inc., holds title to the paper with the largest circulation and the greatest advertising revenue in the city. For the last five years, average annual net earnings before taxes have been over $725,000. The same highly aggressive management—Roger Ferger is president of the new corporation—will operate the paper. At present there is no competition in the morning and Sunday fields.

Obviously, there will be no dearth of problems. With newsprint rapidly approaching the price of gold leaf and other costs continuing their skyward trend, all American newspapers are keeping a wary eye on their fiscal sheets. The *Enquirer* will be paying from $250,000 to $300,000 annual interest on its bonds, and a sinking fund must be set up for their retirement. Then, too, there is a possibility that the *Times-Star* will start a Sunday paper.

But there is no evidence that anyone on the *Enquirer* staff is depressed by these difficulties, immediate or potential. Confidence abounds. While it is probable that the employees will own something less than fifty per cent of the $2.5 million to $3 million of stock to be issued, they will hold by far the largest block of it and therefore will have con-

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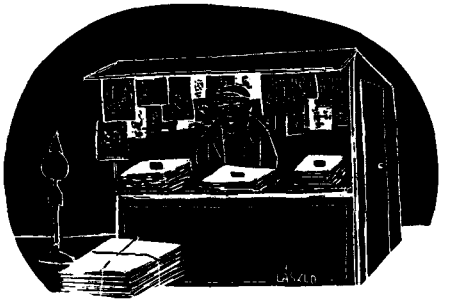
trol of the paper. There will be no bars to resale of stock once it is distributed, but, after the battle for ownership, it seems unlikely that any of the staff would sell.

Portsmouth Steel Corporation now has two members on the *Enquirer's* board of directors, but these representatives will be replaced by a pair of the newspaper's employees as soon as the debt to the steel company is paid off. There is no indication that Cyrus Eaton, despite his anti-Taft bias, has attempted to influence the *Enquirer's* editorial position in any way.

Just how much voice the employees will have in the actual operation of the *Enquirer* remains to be seen. At present, top management is asking for a five-year voting trust which would, in effect, place the reins in the hands of Roger Ferger and two close associates. There is some opposition to the proposal, especially from staff members who are in disagreement with the present editorial position, but the extent of the rebellion won't be known until stock is issued. Even if the voting trust is approved by a large majority of the employees, there is a strong possibility that the rebels may have sufficient power to temper the editorial winds.

At present, however, the direction and force of the gale are unchanged. Just a few days after the triumph of the employees, the *Enquirer* reaffirmed its wholehearted support of Robert A. Taft for the Presidency. In Cincinnati, changes are made one at a time.

The Freedom Nobody Wants



ALLEN RAYMOND

ONE of the most astounding vagaries of American newspaper editors in many a year has been their development of a new concept, related to human rights and more directly to the newspapers' problem of getting and selling the news, known as "freedom of information."

It is a freedom of which nobody had ever heard prior to 1947. It was defined in several ways with great difficulty by a conference of fifty-four nations at Geneva in 1948. This new theory of human freedom asserts that people everywhere have a right to know what their governmental agents are doing about all matters affecting their lives and fortunes. No government in the world today has yet conceded this right to its citizens or subjects.

Since 1948 this new freedom has been discussed a great deal in the committees, commissions, and General Assembly of the United Nations. Because of these discussions, an international conference on the ethics of the press is scheduled before the end of 1953.

This idea called freedom of information was first conceived by the American Society of Newspaper Editors. It then spread by editorial influence to the U.S. Congress and State Department, and the foreign offices of many nations. The idea has now boomeranged against the interests of the American newspaper executives who advanced it. Two draft conventions on the subject have been written within the United Nations for conversion into treaties, and the American Bar Association has warned the editors that these conventions are a menace to freedom of the press in this country.

No Flags, No Holidays

The sad—or comic—story of the American newspaper editors' efforts goes back to 1944, when a resolution of the A.S.N.E. was adopted, apparently at the instigation of its Communications Committee. The resolution urged international agreements, after the war then in progress, "permitting direct communication between each and every nation of the world wherever feasible," "giving to the press correspondents of all nations equitable access to available communications facilities," and "fostering an unrestricted flow of news and information to all parts of the world."

Within five months—such is the pervasive influence of newspaper editors upon Congressmen in their own bailiwicks—this seemingly harmless resolution was seconded by a joint resolution of the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives. The nation's lawmakers, with a slight oratorical flourish, expressed their belief in the world-wide right of interchange of news by news-gathering and news-distributing agencies "without discrimination as to sources, distribution, rates or charges," and a belief that this right should be protected by international compact.

Two years elapsed without any widespread public clamor for such international compacts. The war ended. The United Nations was organized to deal with international problems. The unrestricted flow of news and equal availability of communications to all nationals everywhere was certainly a worth-while objective in view of preferential cable rates for nations owning cables.

In 1946, William Benton, then Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, called in Richard J. Finnegan, publisher of the Chicago *Times,* to tell the State Department how the government might promote the editors' ideas. After consulting, it is said, with four thousand persons, including seventy-five leaders of the press, radio, and movie industries, Mr. Finnegan came up with the first draft treaty on freedom of information.

This fine, resounding phrase was first breathed publicly by Mr. Finnegan and his collaborators on July 22, 1947. Somehow I doubt if future generations

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from Afghanistan to Uruguay will gather around liberty poles with bands playing and children released from school to cheer for this particular freedom on its anniversary.

To begin with, it got off to a bad start. Mr. Finnegan and his associates advised the State Department that it would best be promoted by bilateral treaties, starting with nations holding ideas similar to our own concerning freedom of the press, with gradual extension to other nations which might be converted to these ideas. The State Department disregarded this advice from the only Americans who wanted a freedom-of-information treaty or who knew what it was for.

The State Department decided arbitrarily to seek a multi-lateral convention or covenant through the United Nations, to obtain at one fell swoop over much of the world that boon which a few American newspaper editors and publishers would have sought more gradually. Once that decision was made, the fat was in the fire.

At the instigation of the United States, a conference of fifty-four nations was held in Geneva in 1948 to draw up a Freedom of Information covenant for all U.N. governments which might wish to subscribe. Mr. Benton was the leader of the American delegation to that conference, and has called its proceedings a great success.

What Is It?

Not one draft convention but three were adopted, plus forty-three resolutions, all having to do with international journalism, or the getting of news and its transmission across international frontiers.

Every move the Soviet Union and its satellites made in that conference to restrict the freedom of newsgathering or to pledge the newsgatherers to the Communist line of propaganda was stopped dead in its tracks by the overwhelming vote of all other nations. Several definitions of this new freedom of information were written, and adopted by great majorities of national delegates. All were very broad and philosophical in their terms.

All rejected, of course, any idea that this new freedom of information might be a special guarantee for newspaper correspondents or news agencies to facilitate their work because of its public importance. That was what the editors really wanted. The new freedom was to be:

"The right of . . . peoples to be fully informed.

"[The right] to seek, receive and impart information and ideas by any means and regardless of frontiers.

"[The right] to seek, receive and impart information and ideas, regardless of frontiers, either orally, by written or printed matter, in the form or art, or by legally operated visual and auditory devices."

These rights, the conferees declared with solemn faces, were to be the rights of all peoples everywhere. After that they got down to the business of how these rights were to be implemented. They all agreed they had to be implemented by the news gatherers and distributors.

It was right at this point that the real hubbub began, and it has continued in the U.N. ever since. Information certainly ought to be free to all peoples, the representatives of fifty-four nations agreed, but it ought to be gathered and transmitted by nongovernmental news agencies "responsibly," and "properly," and above all "ethically." Governments should make sure, in dealing with the free flow of news across their frontiers, that this right was not abused by journalists.

Numerous governmental representatives pointed out that a good deal of "false news" had been printed in many newspapers in the past; and that this "false news" had damaged the people about whom it was written. It had even been harmful to the cause of peace, for which the U.N. was working.

The representative of France tossed into the freedom-of-information discussions at Geneva a suggested right of governments to obtain corrections of "false news" sent out of their countries by foreign correspondents, by intervention of the governments in lands from which those correspondents had come. The representative of France also led in the movement of a large group of nations to establish international standards of press ethics, as a corollary to greater freedom in newsgathering and transmission across frontiers.

Four Years of Talk

Four years of debate have raged. As matters now stand, three great facts concerning international opinion on these matters stand out clearly:

1. The American newspaperman's concept of a free press is shared by the peoples of no other nation in the world, except those in the British Commonwealth. And even the British are scandalized by some practices of American journalism, notably by reporting and comment on courtroom proceedings while trials are in progress, and by news accounts of personal matters which the British consider libelous.

2. All governments everywhere—even the Russian—pay lip service in their constitutions to the freedom of the press, and all governments, including those of the United States and the individual states of the Union, have laws of varying severity to penalize what they consider abuses of this freedom. The land with the greatest legal freedom happens to be the United States, but most countries consider the freedom of the American press beyond the bounds of reason or propriety.

The constitution of India guarantees press freedom, but Nehru has abolished this freedom. In the new India, national and provincial governments may prohibit the publication of anything which they deem to undermine the authority of the state or to offend against decency and morality.

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Mexico penalizes any news report calculated to injure the country's prestige, or to destroy or deride its institutions. Birth-control information is banned by statute in France. Most Moslem states prohibit any criticism of Islam.

Even in Britain there is a law against religious libel, which penalizes the deriding of the Christian religion in terms which might wound the feelings of religious believers. And in Greece, insults directed toward heads of foreign states are subject to penalty.

3. However smug the American press may feel concerning its own ethical standards, as listed piously in the code of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the American press is disliked, criticized, and even feared in many parts of the world.

The Egyptian government at one time found the American press's treatment of former King Farouk's personal life extremely distasteful. India has found the translation of its religious customs into American newspaper terms both insulting and inaccurate. All the Arab states accuse the American press of gross unfairness in reporting the clash between the Arab countries and Israel.

Debates in the U.N. have shown that the great American news agencies, Associated Press and United Press, are particularly feared in backward lands because of their riches and power. Small nations are insisting that they must have a chance to develop their own national news agencies, and therefore must restrict the activities of the big American agencies in selling to domestic purchasers news originating within their own countries.

In a world where there is a great shortage of available newsprint, the have-not powers are accusing the American press of a wasteful use of paper. It was an Indian editor, Devadas Gandhi, son of the Mahatma, who first complained in the U.N. that the sizes of American papers were beyond all reason as long as the world-wide development of public information suffered because of the newsprint shortage.

'Reserving the Right . . .'

In such a climate of world opinion, no wonder the American "freedom-of-information" idea has backfired.

The first backfire was the freedom-of-information convention adopted by the General Assembly in 1949, which the U.S. government has already denounced. This covenant contains numerous restrictions on the flow of news across international boundaries which never have been spelled out with international sanction before. Under it, signatory governments will reserve "the right to censor dispatches on matters which must remain secret in the interests of national safety." They also reserve the right to prevent "diffusion of deliberately false or distorted reports which undermine friendly relations between peoples and States." There are eight more minor reservations on freedom of news transmission.

Beyond that, there is an article in the draft of an International Covenant on Human Rights that supplements the freedom-of-information covenant

by repeating its definitions of the right of peoples to be informed and then laying down the terms on which journalists are to be permitted to inform them.

"This right," the article says, "carries with it special duties and responsibilities, and may therefore be subject to certain penalties, liabilities and restrictions, but these shall be only as provided by law and are necessary for the protection of national security, public order, safety, health or morals, or the rights, freedoms and reputations of others."

Within this paragraph alone there is ample sanction for the abolition of most of the freedom which newsgetting and publication enjoy in the United States today.

To measure the extent of the trouncing that the American editors have received in the United Nations in their search of a freedom-of-information agreement between nations, it is necessary to go back to the original draft of a treaty which the American delegation took to Geneva in 1948.

The Americans were anxious that treaties should enhance the right of their correspondents to enter and leave foreign countries on equal terms with the correspondents of other nations. Because of the speed necessary in modern news coverage, they were anxious for correspondents generally to be in a preferred or "expedited" position for travel, as against other persons bent on less urgent business, such as the joys of tourism.

In many countries today, correspondents are at a disadvantage, as compared with other persons, in crossing frontiers. Their admission is delayed while the Foreign Offices of countries they seek to enter comb through their dossiers to see what they have written before in order to determine whether they really will be welcome. Even the United States has tightened its restrictions on temporary visits to this country by foreign journalists, by barring those known to have been members of fascist or Communist parties.

Beyond that, the editors were anxious to limit, if not to prohibit, peacetime censorship and the delay of messages for governmental scrutiny. Unfortunately, there has been no real peace. All that has been accomplished by the editors' venture into international politics has been to spell out the gripes of governments generally against the independent nongovernmental press of the world, and the desires of governments generally to control news of their own activities.

Who Wants Freedom?

Such a result may be a surprise to the editors, but I doubt if it was to reporters. As a working newspaper reporter for many years in many countries, I doubt the validity of the editors' freedom-of-information theory. The right of the people of the United States to know what Federal officials, presumably their servants, are doing in the conduct of public affairs has been restricted since 1789, when a law was passed making the heads of executive departments the arbiters of what information should be given to the public from their offices.

Moreover, public information, in the newspaper sense, means the day's

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news. As one who has chased it by day and by night, I can only say that it has never seemed to me to be free—if it was worth much. The news I got by plenty of work and occasional danger was always the property of the newspaper that paid me to get it, and the people had no right to it until they laid their coins on the newsstands and paid for it.

A great deal of the news which reporters have brought back to their newspapers has been censored within the papers themselves—by the mere process of selectivity for sales value and for other reasons. Do the editors really believe in freedom of information on all governmental matters, as a right of the people without limitation? I doubt it.

They may believe their publics have a right to information about relief rolls, as editors have asserted occasionally. I never met one who would concede that the people have a right to be informed about the amount of individual income taxes paid by their fellow citizens, or about the technical details of atomic-bomb production. All reasonable people—including many newspaper editors—know there are a few areas of government in which essential activity would be paralyzed were any attempt made to conduct it in a goldfish bowl.

Newspaper publishers themselves deny their own reporters access to their own annual meetings. Public information, which is news to newspapers, is a commodity and a property to be bought or produced for sale like gas, shoes, or groceries. This was told me once by the great Adolph S. Ochs, founder of the modern New York *Times*, who was as keenly aware of the public importance of complete and honest news as anyone ever has been. He used to copyright everything he could that appeared in his newspaper. To this man who built a great fortune and newspaper by the competitive and commercial gathering and sale of news, I am sure this new, formalized idea of freedom of information would have been a strange one.

This thing called freedom of information is a freedom that nobody wants. Governments won't concede it, nor should they. It ought to be anathema to newsmen, surely, since they live by the acquisition and sale of news. So far, the public has maintained an eloquent apathy toward popular rights in the matter, which have yet to be defined.

Today is high time for the editors to scrap this freedom-of-information vagary and to intensify their more practical warfare against the very real, enormous, and specific abuses of the censorship powers which are always inherent in governments.

The Helsinki The Athletes Didn't See

DANIEL AARON

HELSINKI has been scratched out of granite. One grows accustomed to the sounds of blasting and the sight of trucks loaded with shattered rock. Bedrock breaks out everywhere. It pushes up through park grass and rolls down to the streets in terraces. Hewn into blocks, it provides a street pavement capable of shaking the guts out of the newest and shiniest American cars.

Without sunlight, Helsinki becomes unaccountably drab, all browns and grays. The old apartments in the center of the city, most of them constructed fifty or sixty years ago, are of grandiose design but have peeled and cracked; some of them have been pock-marked by Russian bombs. Paint is expensive and until recently was of poor quality, but Helsinki needs paint, gallons of it, and in violent colors. The women need paint, too. There ought to be a law compelling them to dress more garishly, to abandon the dim colors they habitually select—the muddy browns and apologetic greens and blacks—for the reds and yellows restricted to the clothing of young girls. Women need to be stared at a little more in this man's country and need to highlight more dramatically their unobtrusive beauty.

When the sun shines, which it does most reluctantly during the winter months, the city is redeemed. Walk to the Great Square some April morning and you catch a hint of what Helsinki might have become if larger sections had been laid out along similar lines. The square, dominated by the Great White Church, is flanked by university and municipal buildings, in the classical style of the early nineteenth century and predominantly yellow. Here, and in the Market Square a block to the south which fronts the almost gay harbor, the white Baltic city (glamorized in brochures and cleverly abstracted by excellent Finnish photographers) actually comes to life. In the newer portions of Helsinki also, where the buildings are lower and more widely spaced, the sun does not have to stab down so sharply as it must in the narrow apartment-flanked streets, and the light on trees, buildings, and water can be enchanting.

Actually this city of less than half a million maintains only a precarious foothold in a country of forest and lakes and imperceptibly falls away as one leaves it from almost any direction. Housing units are gradually being extended as the city expands, but still it takes only fifteen to thirty minutes by auto, streetcar, or bus to reach the countryside; the handsome sections of Munkkiniemi, Lauttasaari, and Kulo-

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saari (suburbs of a sort without the odious flavor of suburbs) are even closer. On a fine winter Sunday, the streetcars and busses are loaded with skiers of all ages who in less than an hour are skimming across snow-covered farms.

Country People

The Helsinki Finns, it seemed to me, are a country people who can accommodate themselves to city life but never wholeheartedly or easily. I am not speaking now only of the authentic bumpkins drawn to the city by reports of glamorous living as projected through the films and the press, those solemn, awkward men who, having recently exchanged their high-peaked boots and worn rucksacks for black Homburg hats (*de rigueur* in Helsinki), now watch the recently installed traffic lights for hours at a time with glum fascination; nor do I mean the country girls, bored by the monotony of the farm and the knowledge of lean marriage prospects and yet so overwhelmed by the roaring activity of this essentially tame and provincial capital that in a few years they are glad to return to their hamlets in Ostrabothnia or Savo. I mean, too, the sophisticated city dwellers living in comfortable book-lined apartments who desert their upholstered retreats, their scores of oil paintings, and all the other urban amenities for country shacks. Wealth, class, and education apparently have nothing to do with it. The interior of a workingman's house is turned into a bower of creeping vines, and so is the professor's or businessman's; and the small clerk or carpenter who converts his living room into a miniature botanical garden will leave the city with the same alacrity as the timber magnate, although his little bathhouse-and-cabin ten miles away is likely to be more crowded and less comfortable than his Helsinki flat.

It is this feeling for the land and the forest that partly accounts for the Finns' uncompromising defense of their country during the recent wars with Russia. Whereas the German regiments sent into Finland soon lost their wits and their will to fight the Russians in what seemed to them a directionless and terrifying forest wilderness, the Finnish soldier blended into the landscape and flourished until munitions and food and fellow soldiers gave out. No other civilized people, one suspects, is more in equilibrium with its natural habitat—even though the current urge to migrate to Canada and the States (a situation most distressing to the present government) would seem to belie ecological harmony. Finns leave their country for many reasons: richer opportunities, fear of war, desirable marriages, and so on, but they leave reluctantly and usually mitigate the shock of uprooting by seeking out those areas physiographically and scenically reminiscent of their old homes—Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and New England in the United States, and the forest lands of Canada.

War Memories

War memories are still very vivid in Finland and are likely to be for a long time to come, despite the remarkable recovery since 1946. Practically every Finnish adult participated in war directly or in related ways, and thousands of older men who would have been passed over by the recruiting officials in any other country were killed and maimed with the younger. The rows of crosses that dot the graveyards from one end of the country to the other, the numbers of crippled veterans hobbling in the streets, coat sleeves pinned to their sides, and the expressions on many Finnish faces when the subject of the war is introduced all strengthen the impression of a long-suffering but long-remembering people. As a final and outrageous reminder, they can avoid only with difficulty the new Rusian Embassy, a huge and tasteless structure combining the worst features of Buckingham Palace, a bank building, and the mansion of a late-nineteenth-century plutocrat. This was erected by the Finns and paid for by the Finns at enormous cost.

It does not come as a surprise, then, to find the Finns coldly anti-Russian and somewhat bitter at what they choose to interpret as western stupidity if not duplicity during the Second World War. Nevertheless, the majority of the Finns are decidedly pro-American and pro-British, despite the substantial minority of Communists with their articulate West-baiting press. Finnish capitalist and Social Democratic newspapers have submitted to voluntary censorship in regard to matters pertaining to the U.S.S.R.; that is to say, no open attacks against Russia can be discovered in Finnish newspapers or periodicals, just as no anti-Soviet books are openly available in the remarkably fine Helsinki bookstores, but the local Communists are not spared, nor are the satellite countries immune from the attacks of unfriendly critics. The Social Democrats have been the most uncompromisingly anti-Communist. One of them, Yrjö Kilpeläinen, an M.P. who also writes a column for the *Suomen Sosialidemokraatti*, can expose Communist fictions and conspiracies with gaiety and wit rare in these days.

One way of measuring Soviet influence in Finland is to attend the Communist movies, where small clumps of the loyal or the curious only make obvious the empty seats, or to visit the trade exhibits of the Iron Curtain countries in the large exhibition hall on Mannerheim Way. The Finns quietly stay away. At the University of Helsinki some six hundred students are enrolled in the Department of English, compared with twenty specializing in Russian language and literature.

There are enough Communists and Communist sympathizers, however, to fill the largest halls and auditoriums when they are expected to do so, and

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the two visiting Soviet theatrical troupes that performed in Helsinki while I was there were enthusiastically received by petit-bourgeois and working-class audiences. The dancing and singing and balalaika playing were strenuous and folksy, but I particularly remember the large and bosomy soprano, wearing a trailing purple-velvet gown lavishly trimmed with something that looked like wolf skins, who ended her short recital with an international students' song and stretched out her thick white arms to the audience as she reached a thundering conclusion. She had to sing it twice.

Next-Door Neighbor

The westerner who lives for any length of time in Helsinki soon realizes, as many Americans apparently do not, that Finland is no satellite country, but at the same time he is able to get at least a smudgy view of the Soviet Union. Russian "cultural" and trade delegations are passing in and out of the city, and announcements are printed from time to time proclaiming the visits of a Hungarian workers' choral group or a "cultural" committee from some Polish trade union. "Peace" and "culture" are the two words that the Communists have captured, and the "peace" partisans and "cultural" committees exposing "western barbarism" are irrepressibly vocal. They cry out from dozens of magazines and newspapers. You can hear them night and day over the Russian radio that blankets the Finnish wavelengths and makes the reception of other foreign programs unpredictable.

Since most Finns don't understand any Russian and wouldn't listen to Russian broadcasts even if they did (I should except the musical programs from Tallinn, which are frequently excellent), the three Communist papers in Helsinki overplay the intercultural ceremonies. It would be a mistake to take very seriously the reports of Finnish-Russian love feasts as narrated in *Vapaa Sana,* just as it would be a blunder to interpret the punctilious correctness of Finnish officials in their dealings with Russian dignitaries as anything more than protocol. Thus when the rector of Leningrad University, after a tour of Finnish schools, gave a speech at the University of Helsinki only a score of people came to hear him describe the incredible opportunities provided by the Soviet educational system. He is reported to have said, when asked his opinion about Finland, that the Finns "live too well."

Perhaps they do, by Russian standards. Some Finns would say they do by Finnish standards. These people have in mind the amount of costly public building that goes on throughout the country. Helsinki's much-photographed "Children's Castle," an extremely elegant but rather showy hospital to which most foreigners are immediately taken, is cited as an illustration of national prodigality, as are well-appointed school buildings like the Commercial High School in Toolo. But the Russians, with their marble subways, should be the last to decry public expenditures of this sort.

If the Leningrad rector, a jolly-looking baldish engineer, meant that the standard of living was too high for a country of such limited resources, plenty of Finns would disagree. To be sure, there is no difficulty in obtaining meat and cheese and butter and bread, and the best sausage in the world—all the necessary staples if you exclude fresh fruit and vegetables. But however low the prices may seem to any American who has watched twenty dollars melt away in a supermarket, they are not low to Finnish consumers, and constant complaints are heard about the postwar inflation.

I have been told that if the Finns gave up spirits and coffee, both consumed in heroic quantities, most people could afford to eat meat every day. Quite properly, they prefer the consoling liquids (necessities during the cold dark months), and find cheaper substitutes for nutrition. One shudders to imagine the psychic reaction if Finland were deprived of either alcohol or coffee.

Besides, there are more serious drains on the family income than food. Clothing and most other manufactured articles are extremely dear. The show windows of the department stores, pathetically inventive but rarely featuring anything more exciting than long underwear, badly cut clothes, umbrellas, books, and garden implements, do not tempt the buyer as they do in Stockholm or Copenhagen or Paris.

'Exasperating but Gifted'

What is there about Helsinki, despite its times of darkness and dreariness, its many inconveniences that loom so large at first, that makes it a good

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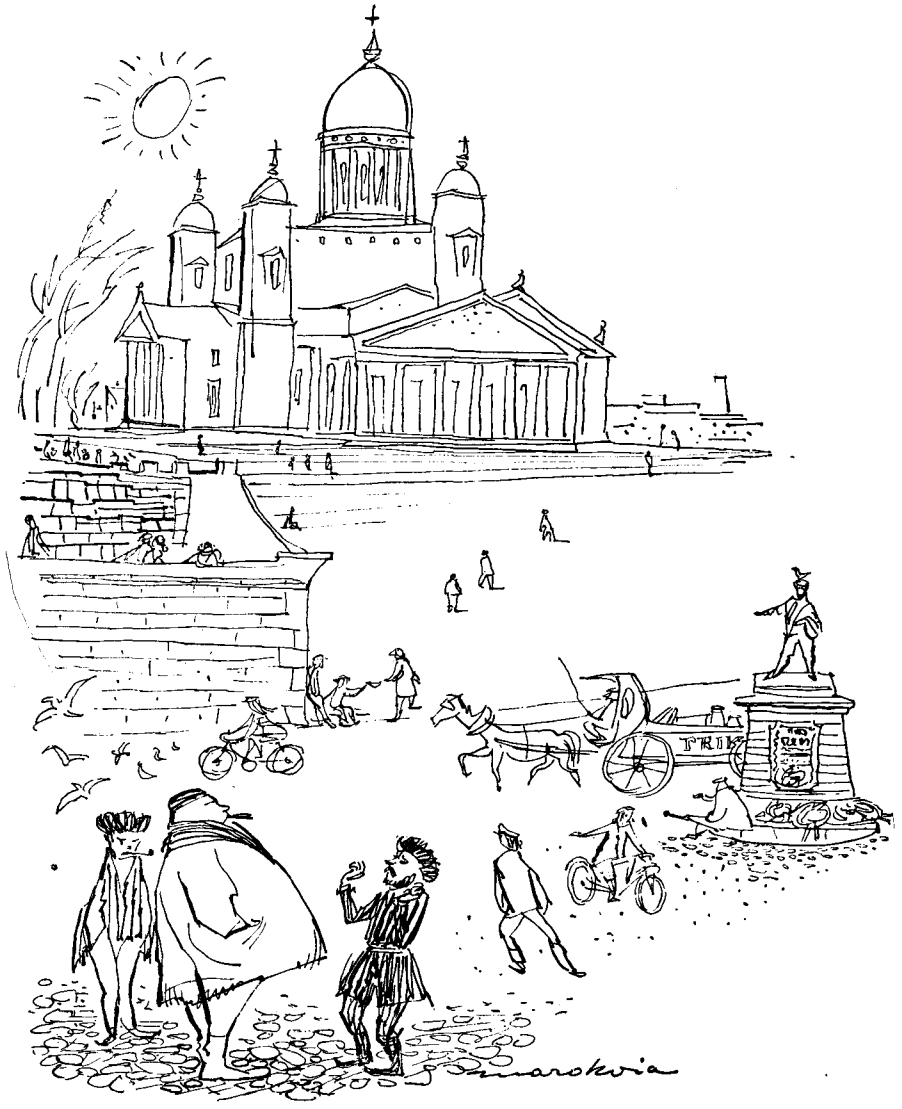
place to live? Certainly it would be easy to list all of the advantages that Helsinki does not possess, and then ask what remains. No first-rate museums or ancient castles; no nightclubs, no bars, no cheap dining places, no cafés; no variety, no charm, no humor, no subtlety, no extravagance.



And what remains? The little portable kiosks with their heaps of newspapers and magazines and the short, square quilted women who seem to grow inside of them; the shrill, piping sounds of the locomotives and the music of strange northland birds, the ubiquitous widows' weeds on young and old; the undertaking establishments and the white silk-covered caskets that gleam from behind the windows; the streams of busses, splattered with country mud, that speed over icy streets; the shabbily uniformed squads of youthful soldiers marching to the accompaniment of thin music and carrying rifles or old Tommy guns; the aggressively athletic men steaming in the public steam baths; the No. 17 bus, always jammed tighter than a New York subway during the rush hour; the lottery-ticket sellers sitting in the new cars that the buyers hope to ride in; the bacchanalia on the night of May 1 when the streets are dense with celebrators and the parks filled till daybreak and after with young people; the well-dressed people dancing rumbas at the few fashionable restaurants; the great bronze figure of Alexis Kivi brooding over an untidy square.

There is this, but there is a great deal more, scenically and socially. What the visitor remembers after a year's sojourn are the Finns themselves, an exasperating but gifted people—oversensitive, patriotic to a fault, resentful of criticism while inclined to excessive self-depreciation, proud too and honest, seasoned by misfortune, patient, and very, very tough. His initial shyness overcome, the Finn becomes a passionately devoted friend, though seldom the indiscriminately friendly good fellow. When the formalities are over and an acquaintance suggests that last names and titles be dropped, then Yrjö or Paavo or Haikki or Väinö has metaphorically cut open his veins; one is accepted, taken in, and the relationship can no longer be a casual one.

The Finn's capacity to endure often goes with a melancholy nature, a self-restraint and stolidity that might find release in a poem, a symphony, a painting, a fight, or a bottle. Some Finnish men and women are gay and extroverted, but such are regarded as exceptional; the more usual type is bottled up if not inhibited and does not easily emerge from his spiritual carapace. Finnish psychologists themselves have speculated about the high ratio of drunkenness and homicide in Finland, and the most fantastic explanations can be heard. The foreigner from a sunnier country might be inclined to attribute much in the Finnish character to climate, but one Finnish professor has suggested that the Finn's reserve and inhibitedness are the product of the clash between two natures that war within him: the Asian strain, which embodies passivity, reflectiveness, detachment, and in general a philosophical cast of thought; and the western strain, which adds an infusion of individualism, aggressive competitiveness, and other qualities associated with the Protestant ethic. These two conflicting tendencies, he says, often result in a paralysis that can either be loosened by alcohol or sublimated through artistic creation or broken by an explosion.

'Uncharming Integrity'

This admirable country has something immeasurably important for Europeans and Americans to consider: a way of life that does not put a premium upon salesmanship or servility, that blends work and leisure in a way that extracts the maximum of benefit from both. The Finns live with dignity and calmness, and display under the most trying conditions a graceless and uncharming integrity.

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Crime and (No) Punishment In the Workers' Paradise

ANTON KARLOVAC

A Moscow cabaret singer named Alexander Vertinsky left Russia after the Revolution and spent twenty-five years as an émigré. Then after the war an unofficial amnesty was offered to certain categories of White Russians, and Vertinsky returned, his heart filled with love for his country and sentiment for the scenes of his youth. Of course, many things had changed. When he left the train at Moscow he looked about sadly and said, "Alas, I no longer recognize you, Russia!"

Then he turned to pick up his luggage, which had been beside him. It was gone—stolen in the few moments of his reverie. Vertinsky said even more sadly, "Alas, I recognize you now, Russia!"

I was told this story by a high official of the NKVD when I was in Russia a couple of years after the Second World War, and before I returned to my native Yugoslavia I heard it again many times. Probably it is still going the rounds, for there is a shortage of humor in Russia, and people use their jokes over and over, like old soup bones, until all the flavor has been extracted. But the point, one may ask—the point is that Russia is a nation of thieves? "Exactly," almost any Russian would agree with wry good humor.

I pass the story along for a reason. I have grown tired of the stereotype that appears endlessly in Russian and Cominform propaganda against America, "the gangster nation." I do not doubt that America has gangsters. In fact, I read about them in newspapers and magazines that are sold here in Yugoslavia, and I see them portrayed in American movies. But I know also that they are a minor part of the national life. I am tired of the hypocrisy of the Russians. I lived among them for fifteen years—and one of the strongest impressions I carried away was of their lawlessness, of a gangsterism that penetrates from the lowest to the highest strata of society. Crime is one of the few things the Russians have not claimed to have invented, but they have a better title to that than to most of their "discoveries."

A Weed Grows in Russia

Crime is so general in Russia that one must approach it with the air of a scholar and divide it by genus and species. As Vertinsky's experience indicates, the common variety, the weed that grows everywhere in Russia, is petty larceny. The crowded subways and trolley busses give a marvelous opportunity for pickpockets. Three of my own wallets were stolen. Household robbery and pilfering from shops and markets are commonplace. But these are banal. Where the Russians have made a real advance is in their use of the razor. Their virtuosity with this simple instrument is astonishing. For instance, it is not unusual for a woman to leave a trolley bus and discover that a good-sized patch or even the whole rear of her fur coat has remained aboard, the prize of some razor-wielding genius. What becomes of these trophies I cannot say; perhaps they are made into earmuffs, gloves, or fur quilts.

I told this to my friends in Yugoslavia when I returned, thinking it would surprise them. But they had had the Russians as "liberators" and then as "advisers," and they told me how the Russian soldiers would go to the movies and, while enjoying the show, would also improve their time by cutting the tops off the seat cushions they occupied. They stuffed these under their coats and carried them off to the cobbler. Belgrade soon was colorful with Russian soldiers in fine, soft red-leather boots.

Some Russian tricks with razors, however, are not at all amusing. Raise an alarm when you find your watch has been lifted or the straps of your purse cut, and you may be blinded by a slash of a razor ring—a fragment of blade embedded in a ring of otherwise innocent design. As I discovered one time when my pocket was picked on the subway and I accused the man I thought was the thief (I was new in Moscow then), fear outweighs any impulse toward justice. The other passengers drew back from me in alarm, and the friend with whom I was traveling muttered into my ear that I must be quiet, that I was endangering myself. That is the most striking thing about petty crime in Russia—the general *fear* of the criminal and the unwillingness to protest, perhaps a reflection of a political system that lives on fear.

The Troikas

These petty thieves work alone or with an accomplice or two. At the next stage of development comes the gang—in the Russian word, *troika,* which means three, so called because there are usually three leaders, a chief and his two assistants, who control from perhaps five to fifteen rank-and-file members in cities and as many as fifty in the provinces. The best known in

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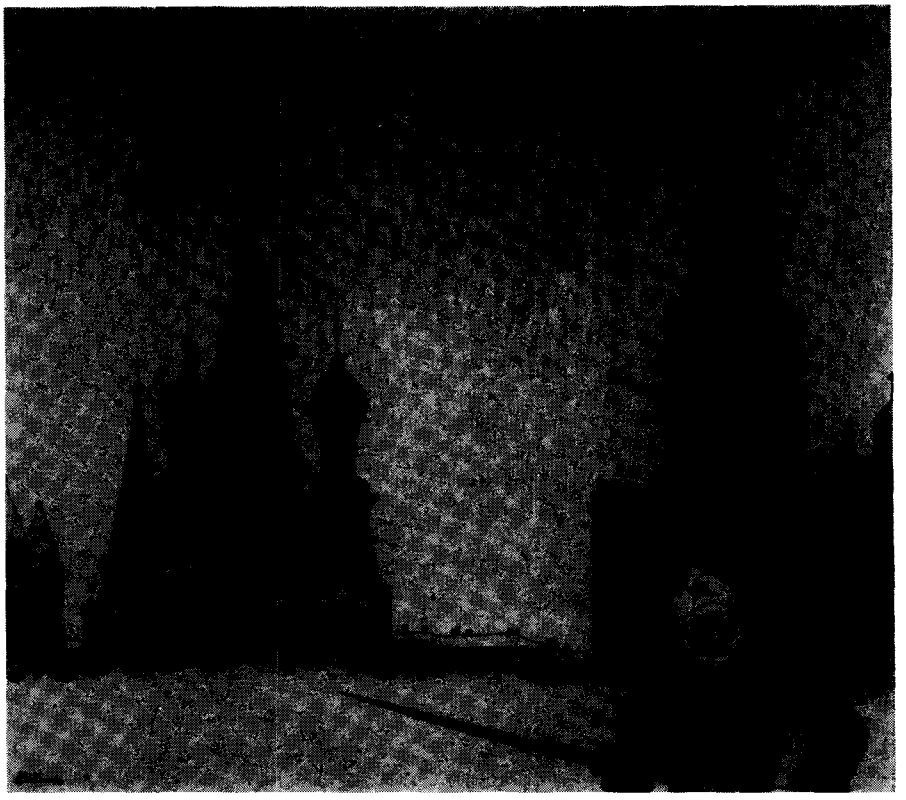
Moscow have been the Black Troika and the Death Troika. If, as I understand, the submachine gun is the symbol of gangsterism in America, in Russia it is the six-shooter, similiar to the kind used by your cowboys. The troikas do a great deal of simple banditry, such as robbing pedestrians, stores, and lofts and warehouses, but they also achieve more spectacular crimes such as bank robbery. They form a rather well-organized underworld.

The troika leaders of each city are usually known to one another and reach understandings for their mutual benefit and protection, and occasionally they join forces for large operations. There are no national criminal "syndicates," but here and there the troikas have organized themselves into strong local or regional combines. The most famous of these is the Black Arm, which after the war established itself in numerous branches throughout the Caucasus, the Ukraine, and Central Asia. In 1947 the Black Arm reportedly held a convention in South Russia —in the same fraternal-commercial spirit, I suppose, if without the elegance, of American gangsters who convene at such places as Miami.

Perhaps the most impressive aspect of Russian gangsterism is the comparative ease with which its members escape from Siberia when they have the ill luck to be caught and sent there. Bribery naturally has its part in affecting the ease of escape from the prison camps and the earnestness of the pursuit; but more important, once he reaches the Urals the escapee can take refuge in the "network"—an informal but effective criminal mutual-aid society that stretches from north to south down the length of the country. The gangster need only contact the nearest troika in this area to receive food and shelter while he rests, and then to be relayed to the next troika in the direction of his home, and so on until he arrives at his destination. Or, if he prefers, he is sent to another town, where an affiliated troika will lend him money for a month or so until he can recruit a band of young criminals and set up a troika of his own. Thus the system of alliances grows.



A System Fostering Crime

Friends of mine from the West usually find it hard to understand how organized crime can flourish in Russia, where everybody, they suppose, is rigidly controlled by the state and the police system is so dreadfully efficient. To a great extent, the war was responsible. The prisons were emptied for manpower: I know of several criminals who became Heroes of the Soviet Union and who afterward returned to their old professions. Other soldiers—deserters, men who had lost their units or whose units had been destroyed—learned to loot and rob in those early months of the war when the state seemed to be disintegrating.

In the winter of 1941, for instance, the road from Moscow to Gorki bore a huge migration of people, traveling with their money and any household goods they could carry, and including the Moscow rich—the factory managers, the politicians, the generals of the NKVD. They made tempting game for bands of roving soldiers. I myself was on this road and missed by half an hour an attack by a group numbering several hundred. And, of course, in the countries they "liberated," Russian troops pillaged to their hearts' content.

In Russia, to get a job, an apartment, a ration book, any of the necessities of life, one must be a registered citizen of his locality and cannot move to another place without permission, which is rarely given. But the standard of living is higher in the big cities than elsewhere, and it is highest in Moscow, which consequently became a Mecca for people in the areas that had been devastated by the war. Many of them came, registration or no, and took their chances. They could not register; had they tried, they would have been sent back where they came from. I was told by a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party that by 1947 there were a million such people in Moscow. Naturally, some of them have turned to theft and gangsterism.

As for the Russian police, they are not as good as advertised. The political police, it is true, are deadly; but they have enough to do enforcing the Stalinist tyranny and cannot take time to chase pickpockets. The militia, whose job it is to enforce civil law, are inefficient and in many cases corrupt. Even if they were not, they would be severely hampered by the attitude of the public, which is so inured to lawbreaking that it is not easily shocked by any sort of crime.

This, again, is to some degree the result of the registration system. The million "unofficial" residents of Moscow, and other displaced multitudes throughout Russia, have no legal access to the necessities of life and thus

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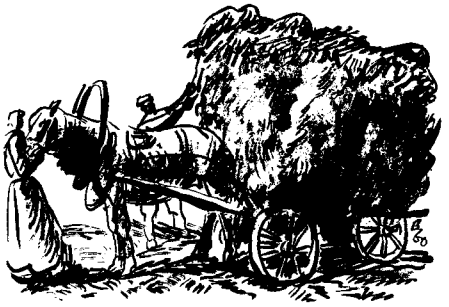

must live entirely outside the state's economic apparatus—in other words, beyond the law. They help support a black-market system that undoubtedly is the biggest in the world. It supplies not only food and shelter and goods of every sort but also jobs—for in Russia nearly everything, provided it does not affect political matters, can be secured by putting rubles in the right places. It is simply a matter of *blat*.

Blat

The nearest English translation of *blat* is "protection," but this does not do justice to this wonderfully versatile and useful word. *Blat* is something one can get, can have, or can receive, and it also signifies the system under which the giving and receiving take place. An unregistered person who kicks back to his boss to get a job, gives a bonus for an apartment, and pays extra for his food and clothing uses *blat* in each case, and he "has *blat*" (contacts, connections) with the people who take this *blat* from him. All *blat* is not commercial: The young ballerina who wants a job at the Bolshoi Theater and acquires an influential protector to help her is using *blat*, as is the student from the provinces who asks his friends in Moscow to get his application accepted at overcrowded Moscow University. In a system where success so often depends on whom you know, rather than who you are, there naturally is a great amount of such *blat*. But most *blat* involves money directly.

There have been a number of instances where the manager of a factory keeps some of the extra goods turned out by the high-speed Stakhanovite workers and sells them to officials of the distribution agencies, with mutually profitable *blat*. Now and then one of these cases is discovered, the newspapers carry indignant reports, and the culprits are shot or imprisoned. But for every instance thus brought to light there are, I am sure, hundreds that go unnoticed, for *blat* in one form or another permeates the whole economic structure, and only the highest functionaries can live well in Moscow without it.

The Potemkins

The most spectacular case that I know of concerned a factory in Kuibyshev. It had been set up to make office supplies, and it had a director, an administrative staff, and even a few machines. The manager filed production reports regularly, and the central Ministry as regularly sent credits. This went on for several years. But meanwhile the factory produced nothing at all—and the manager and his staff were becoming rich. Finally something slipped—perhaps someone in the central Ministry neglected to *blat* a superior—and the *blatters* were undone.

That is the sort of super*blat* that the Russians appreciatively call a "Potemkin," in honor of the Prince Potemkin who is alleged to have pulled the biggest *blat* in history, although certain modern historians regard the story as a myth. Catherine the Great wanted to colonize South Russia, which was very much underdeveloped, and she turned the matter over to Potemkin, who was both her lover and her Prime Minister. She was so delighted by his reports of the progress he was making that she decided to go and enjoy the sight in person.

And she did. Fine new villages dotted the plains. But, according to the tale, if she had left the main road for a closer inspection (Potemkin accompanied her and saw to it that she didn't), she would have found that the new villages were merely false fronts, like stage settings, which Potemkin had hurriedly caused to be erected before the journey. The money that should have built the real villages supposedly had gone into his pocket.

And so Russia changes but stays the same, as Vertinsky was not the first to learn. The Stalinists have only complicated the economy and thus made the patterns of *blat* more complex. But perhaps when they talk of their "democracy," the Stalinists mean that everybody, not just the highest officials, now has a chance for *blat*. One of your American politicians had a slogan, "Every Man a King." Stalin's could be "Every Man a Prince—Potemkin."

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Report from Gary: 'It Wasn't So Bad'

WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR.

After a strike, some of the steel mills in Gary come back to life a little at a time—slowly, according to long-established routine, like an old man awakening. Others, such as the factory where I work, are "push-button mills" that can be rushed into operation in a day or two as soon as their modern, electronically controlled production lines have been checked and set up by maintenance men and operators. While the masons were still repairing the brick linings of furnaces at the "Big Mill," tin plate was being packed for shipping at ours.

"God damn!" shouted an operator as the first sheet steel began to roll through a plating line. "It's about time!"

The longest steel strike since 1919 was over. "Well, how did it hit you?" I asked one of my friends a few days after we were back on the job. He shrugged. "It wasn't so bad," he said.

I have heard that comment over and over. The drama of the strike in the Gary area was not the "colorful" sort involving hungry children or families thrown into the street because they couldn't meet their rent. If such things happened at all, I have not been able to find out about them from any of my friends and fellow workers. A lot of the men seem to feel a little surprised at this themselves. Almost without realizing it, they have as a group achieved an economic situation unprecedented in their history. The drama of the impact of this strike on the workers in Gary lies not in the hardships they endured but in the ways they avoided them.

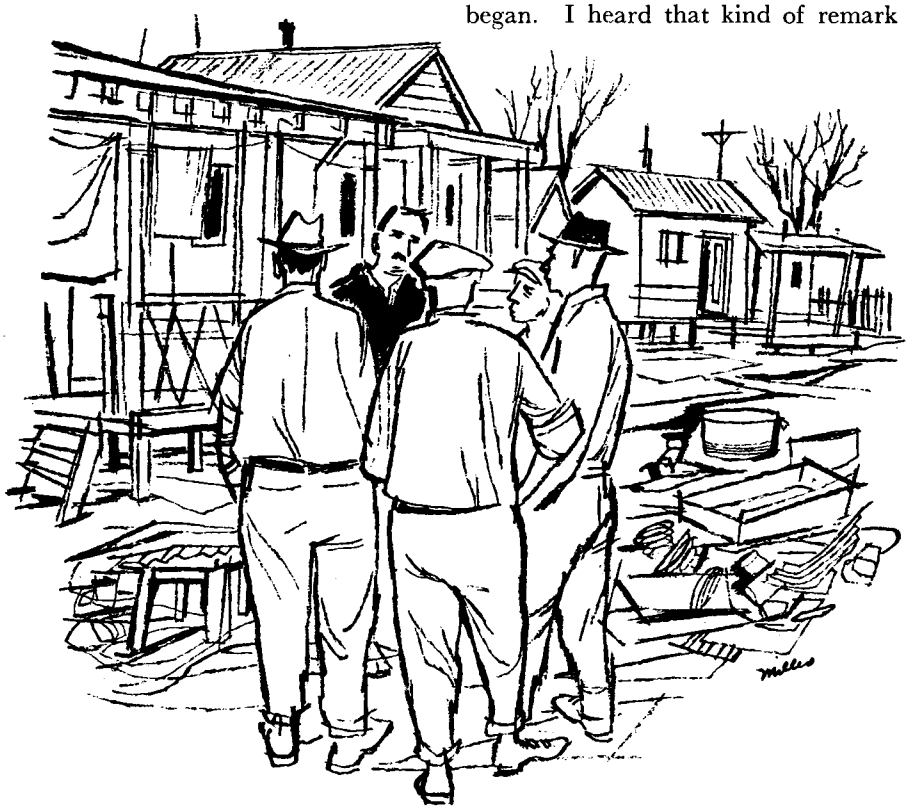
The Pinch

The people for whom the pinch of strike-induced unemployment was the tightest were the newest arrivals to the community, to the mills, and to the industrial way of life—the Puerto Ricans and Mexicans, the hillbillies, the Negroes who came from the South during the last war. Many of them had little in the way of savings. Some were far too deeply committed to installment plans, having set about acquiring cars, clothes, and television sets with an abandon justified by years of denial. Their credit often was not well established, and many had no relatives who could help them.

But even these most vulnerable steelworkers weathered the strike fairly well. Some found jobs as far away as Chicago in industries not based on steel. Others qualified as "hardship cases," where cash or credit were not available for the family's food and rent. Hardship relief was forthcoming from the township, the union, and the benefit associations that exist among some of the more cohesively organized ethnic groups especially for such emergencies.

There were very few cases of repossession. Some Gary furniture and appliance stores even advertise that time payments will be suspended during strikes and layoffs and canceled in event of the death of the purchaser. Neighborhood grocers have long been accustomed to extending credit during strikes and layoffs to the workers who make up so much of the population of the Gary area.

"I'm helping out my uncle at his garage," one of my friends told me when I met him a few weeks after the strike began. I heard that kind of remark



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many times. There was a kind of haphazard, unorganized "share-the-work" program in the Gary area during the strike. Many jobs, part-time or regular, were created by friends and relatives who owned enterprises such as gas stations or construction firms or retail businesses. Some of the politically active steelworkers were able to obtain work with the city, state, or county on such jobs as park improvement and road construction. These were distributed according to traditional patronage procedures. Four of my friends who work in the mills are precinct committeemen and were able to obtain part-time or regular income in this way during the eight weeks of strike. Odd jobs worth a few dollars and occasionally a good deal more were offered now and then to steelworkers by still-employed neighbors engaged in substantial improvements about their houses.

'No New Carpet'

Like relief, part-time or extra work sustained only a small proportion of the thousands of men on strike. Most drew upon their savings, which were more substantial than ever before and had been buttressed during the long "cooling-off period" by the more foresighted.

The improvident simply went into debt far more deeply than would normally be the case. Sacrifice was relative. Nearly every family lost something precious, something they would not have lost had there been no strike, something workers in other industries still had or could still anticipate.

"No new carpet this year," a fellow

employee named Les told me. "I've been promising the wife a new carpet for three years. Looks like I'll have to promise it for a fourth." Les was two months behind on his rent and had cashed the bonds he usually holds for payments for the winter coal. Another friend of mine sold his new car and bought an older model, using the cash difference to meet many of his regular living expenses. A union officer had been saving for several years so he and his wife could take a long vacation. He withdrew the last of the money set aside for this "best trip of all" a week before the strike ended.

The Savings Accounts

There are some old-timers with businesses, investments, or bank accounts who viewed the strike with almost complete equanimity. During the seventh week I met George, one of the men with whom I worked, who had been in the Gary mills for over thirty years. "Had any jobs since we been out?"

he asked. "I'm loafin', myself." He laughed. "I ain't done a darn thing since we went out and I don't intend to! And they can stay closed up as long as they damn well please!"

George lives with his wife and mother in a small house on a small farm that he paid for long ago. He has large savings and no debts. He is active in the various affairs of his church and spent much of the time during the strike going about the parish with the priest.

"I know you don't feel the way I do," George added. "Trying to finish building your house, a strike really hurts you. My son-in-law's in the same boat. You know, he's got that little house down the road from you. Now he's finally got the time to get the insides finished and he can't afford to buy the wallboard. Makes it hard on him and his wife. But for myself, I don't care."

That happy state of substantial financial independence is the distant goal toward which so many Gary steelworkers struggle. To some of them the emptying of the savings account seemed hardly justified by the filling of the stomach. I talked with Bill, whom I met at the bank where I had just withdrawn all but that one dollar needed to

keep our savings account officially on the books.

"When I was your age," Bill said to me, "I didn't know what a bank account was. I worked for over half my life so I could say I had money in the bank. A couple more weeks of this strike and I'll have to start all over again. Why can't they settle these things without doing this to me!"

It may seem a minor matter, an insignificant anguish, his feelings at this loss of savings and the accumulation of debts. Food was not lacking, no mortgage was foreclosed. But to a man who has in his lifetime lost one home and seen his family hungry, that savings account was evidence of the long-sought escape from living from paycheck to paycheck. That, at least, was something a man could show for having grown old in the mill.

"About the time you get on your feet," Bill continued, "they knock you flatter'n hell again! Sometimes I think I was better off when I had nothing. You expected to go hungry once in a while." He shook his head. "Maybe I'm just getting old. My nephew—he is a single kid—he thinks this is one big vacation. He's been out camping and fishing for the past three weeks."

Besides savings and credit from retailers, many steelworkers relied on money borrowed from loan companies or from their own credit union. A member of this worker-organized and -operated credit union can, if he has five years' service in the mill, borrow up to three hundred dollars without a cosigner. Workers with less than five years' seniority can borrow up to three hundred dollars with one cosigner. The younger generation of millworkers es-

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pecially seem to accept borrowing and debts in an easygoing way. This attitude in itself alters greatly the character of life during a strike from what it was a few decades ago.

Married Men's Burden

Bob, a young fellow, found himself deeply in debt to several merchants when the strike began. He borrowed enough money from a local lending institution to take care of these installments. As the strike dragged on, Bob became restless and suddenly decided that what he needed was a trip West. He ran out of money again while viewing the beauties of the Rockies, borrowed more from a national lending organization, and finished his long vacation.

Like most others in the mill, Bob will collect his vacation pay but will work right through his regular vacation time. Vacation pay and the retroactive settlement will help clear up the most pressing debts. And a long period of steady work at better rates is in prospect.

It is possible that our fellow strikers in places like nearby Chicago suffered more from the long work stoppage than those of us in and around Gary. Homeownership is much lower in Chicago. The municipal and county governments do not depend for election upon the good will of one group of politically well-organized factory workers and their union. A number of Chicago retailers who seek the laborer's trade seem to consider repossession on any pretext a standard business practice, and the whole impersonal, chain-store organization of mass urban life militates against the easy acquisition of credit for food and lodging. I would hesitate to claim that steelworkers everywhere would assert: "It wasn't so bad."

The two months without work in the mills would have been far worse for us if they had occurred during the winter instead of June and July. For while we were jobless, we were not altogether idle.

There were those numerous groups of men, usually older men, gathered on hot days along the sidewalks in front of the coffee houses, bars, and lunchrooms in the less prosperous parts of downtown Gary. But a majority of the men set about jobs of building and repairs around homes and apartments, fulfilling schedules laid down even before the strike by consciences and wives. By the end of three weeks much work was accomplished, credit had been used to the extent most felt was bearable, and insistent spouses were somewhat placated. By the fourth week the ennui and general lowering of morale that inevitably accompany prolonged unemployment began to set in.

A number of married men celebrated the halfway mark of the strike (though they did not know at the time that that point had been reached) by joining their single colleagues in the fields and streams and on the highways. There were several advertisements placed in the newspapers by owners of station wagons or large cars notifying any interested readers that they were leaving for Such-and-Such Lake and would take paying passengers—specifying that if the strike ended suddenly they would immediately return.

Others escaped from household duties by an amazing perfection of their gardens. Card games multiplied; stakes declined. The fine weather enhanced the urge to go visiting. An unprecedented number of visits were paid to relatives all over the country by Gary families.

Many were scraping the bottom of the financial barrel by the time the strike ended and the pleasures of time off the job were beginning to pall. But very few felt at all desperate about their plight.

'Start Saving . . .'

Some of the men claim that this will be the last big strike in the steel industry. They feel that such prolonged stoppages of a basic industry will not be tolerated any more. But most of the Gary steelworkers discount such predictions. "Same old company, same old union," one of them commented. "You better start saving up for two years from now!"

There is some grumbling about the length of the strike and the inadequacy of the settlement. There are rumblings about "too many old men trying to run the union." But on the whole, there is very little bitterness or anger over this long strike, though occasional assertions are made that we here in Gary could have done better by bargaining locally.

Worse things—depression, recessions, layoffs, other strikes, and a variety of personal catastrophes—have been experienced, accepted, and survived with that fatalism which especially characterizes many American workingmen. Yet the sharp curse that accompanies the announcement of the car that cannot be bought or the recreation no longer in the budget is the steelworker's final commentary on this and all strikes.

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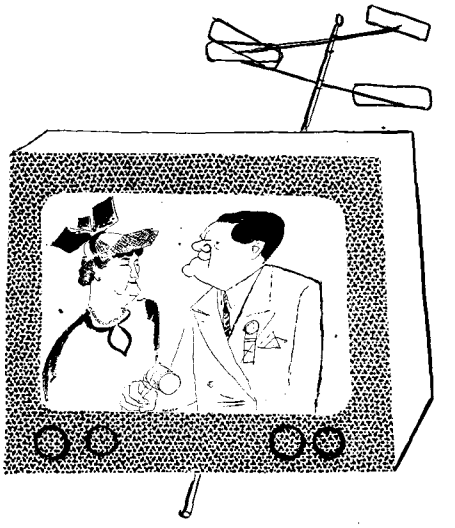

Politics on TV: Will It Ever Replace Baseball?

MEYER LEVIN

IMMEDIATELY after the Republican and Democratic Conventions, the Elmo Roper organization got a sample poll under way in an attempt to find out what effect television might have on the voter. Some interesting speculations had arisen, most of them centering around a Hooper rating that had leaked out a few days after the Republican sessions.

Newspaper items appearing after the Republican Convention quoted the Hooper rating in New York City at thirty-six as an average for the five nights, indicating that the big "I Like Ike" show drew only half as many as tuned in regularly for "I Love Lucy," a nighttime comedy show. The daytime rating was worse, averaging only thirteen.

The Hooper organization, called on for a possible elucidation of these statistics, regretted that the figures had leaked out, but did not deny their authenticity. Figures on the Democratic Convention did not leak and are not available at this writing.

But the impression that there were fewer televiewers than had been anticipated was borne out by reports in *Variety,* that showed no great drop in motion-picture attendance during the weeks in question.

Ringing Doorbells

In an effort to find out a little about the possible effects of television on political activity, your reporter made a spot check in New York during the Democratic Convention. My own neighborhood seemed ideal for such an inquiry. From Central Park to the Hudson River, the streets of the Nineties offer everything from bankers to bums. The population comes in groups and jumbles, with whites, Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Jews, and Irish, sometimes block-segregated, sometimes occupying the same building.

To keep the count neat, I started with a bank clerk. Youngish and articulate, a teller in the National City's Broadway branch, he said he had listened to the roll calls and to the more important speeches. He wouldn't rely on TV for his main impression of the political scene, and didn't expect his vote to be affected, since his mind was already made up.

I rang a few doorbells in a West End Avenue apartment house occupied by middle-class folk — lawyers, accountants, businessmen. A broad-faced young mother coping with a three-year-old said she didn't watch television much these days because she wanted to get out of the house all she could. "You won't get much out of me," she kept repeating. "I guess I'm really not much interested." On another floor, a sprightly woman answered glibly, like a good pupil in school, "We watch very consistently. More than we ordinarily watch television. Certainly the speeches can influence voters." But in either case, it seemed to me that television had not altered the fundamental attitude. The aware young woman was watching; the tired housewife wanted to get out.

A step down in the economic scale was the little man who kept the delicatessen bravely sandwiched between an A & P and a Safeway on Columbus Avenue. About forty, American-born, high-school-educated. "I just try to hit the high spots," he said, with the air of a man perpetually trying to keep up with the high spots. He watched maybe less than normally. "There's nothing to turn to when you get tired of the Conventions." Tired because "They don't say anything new. Promise to cut taxes, but when they get in they got the same bills to meet so we get the same taxes."

A Tavern Tour

In mid-afternoon, with the Convention in session, I went out to check the taverns along Amsterdam Avenue, still lower in the economic scale. I passed a little store that had a television set in the window. The store housed a lawyer, a real-estate agent, a notary public, an appliance corporation, and a radio repairman. At the moment, the set showed Representative William L. Dawson of Illinois, a Negro, delivering an impassioned civil-rights address. The street was literally crawling with humanity, nearly naked kids, black and white, and bored adolescent girls in dungarees, finger-drumming rhythms on parked cars, and women melting on stoops, and men in sport shirts and undershirts standing around. No one paid any attention to the civil-rights speech except for a four-year-old who had his face pasted to the window. Then a very old Negro woman came along, stood for a moment, and walked

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on, making a decided nod of approval.

There's at least one tavern to every block on Amsterdam — dim, smelly joints with fly-specked placards listing sandwiches they don't have. Places with the classic names: Hogan's, O'Shaughnessy's, Flynn's. I passed five, looking for a TV set going during this speech so pertinent to the neighborhood, and at last I hit one that had the TV on, and on the Convention. Nine people were in the place. An elderly couple finished their beers and departed without glancing at the screen. Four or five men had their heads tilted to it, deadpan, while another sat reading the *Journal-American*. It happened to be the moment of a floor interview with Governor Talmadge of Georgia, answering the Negro Congressman. "We might as well turn the whole country over to the N.A.A.C.P.!" Talmadge raged.

The bartender, hefty, baldish, about fifty, told me, "If there was a ball game on now, I'd better put it on the ball game." He walked off, but came back in a moment to express himself. "Talmadge laid it on the line, he didn't mess it up a bit."

No one joined the conversation. The bartender became vehement. "The last five years, what they did. The infants ain't born yet that this last five years has ruined. Let us get out of the red before they throw any more of that stuff."

The *Journal-American* reader put his paper aside and took a sip of beer. Television would swing the election, he declared knowingly. "When we only had radio, Roosevelt sold the country on his voice, so a man's face can do a lot more." But you had to have a big man, to get people to look. "You get Farley or MacArthur, people will listen, but not if you get some jerk from down in Doublestretch Junction, like they got on all the time."

'They'

This was a resentment I was to encounter again and again—resentment against watching ordinary delegates. "We're as good as those guys ourselves, a darn lot smarter than some of them, so why waste our time watching them act like a bunch of jerks?" seemed to be the feeling. What might have been expected to evoke a sense of prideful equality often evoked a kind of impatience instead, and even surprise that "they" weren't smarter. Again and again, it was the "they" identification so symbolic in all American street talk about the government, a shedding of responsibility through the assumption that the government belonged to other people. It was, it struck me, much like the "they" attitude of the clerk or the factory worker toward the "upstairs." The firm was being run by some remote powers, and "the hell with them, I only work here."

As a fat man standing in the doorway of a hole-in-the-wall candy store, sucking an orange Popsicle, expressed it, "They're all a bunch of crooks, makes no difference who gets in. We're still loused up." He licked his ice. "When you have to work for a living, nothing can change anything." He was a floor scraper. He said he listened to the Convention on TV and listened more than at other times.

Next door was a garage, and a chubby kid of fifteen, lounging in the little office, called the mechanic. "Hey, Ace, answer this guy."

Ace proved to be a war veteran. He got excited right off. "The stupidest thing I ever could see!" he shouted. "Our turn comes when we go to the polls, and for my part they can all go to the devil. That stuff drives me mad, to hear our troubles over and over again, as if we haven't got enough. I shut it off. Last night I got a lousy Western, just to get away from it. How they can make a fool even of a man like Eisenhower!"

In another bar, where the TV was off, the bartender said he followed the Convention on his set at home. "Politics is a thing of the past," he announced. "Now they're even talking of running this woman for Vice-President." He carried a glass of beer to the end of the bar and returned. "You can't go by what they say in the speeches. It's all bull to attract the voter; then they do what they want."

Two Conventions!

On the way to the next bar, I tried my questions on a little old woman sitting with two little girls in a doorway. She had no television, but sometimes listened at her neighbor's, the mother of the girls. "Is there two Conventions, now?" the old woman chirped. "I never heard before they had two Conventions." I said they always did. "It must have been when I was a little girl," she concluded, "a little bit of a girl."

"Haven't you ever voted?" I asked.

Oh yes, she sometimes voted. "I liked that Convention with Ike," said this member of the electorate. "But this one they got now, there's something wrong with it, not so exciting."

In a mixed block, there was a florid, middle-aged white woman coming out of an apartment house. She paused to cluck at a tiny Negro baby in the arms of a slim lad wearing spectacles. "Cutest baby I ever saw, just the cutest thing," she repeated.

I tried the group, including a hand-

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some Negro girl perched on the concrete balustrade. The white woman said she listened, some, to the Conventions, "but all this is new to me," and she didn't know how she would vote, if she voted. The young Negro father was an elevator operator, too young to vote. He wished they'd have something else he could turn to on TV during the Conventions. The Negro girl said, "I'd rather listen to my favorite, 'Strike It Rich.'"

At this moment, someone read over my arm the notes on the first bartender's remarks. "You going to put that in?" a woman's voice demanded sharply.

"They oughtn't to say things like that about the government," said the Negro girl.

"Why not? This is a free country," the newcomer declared. She was small, sassy, looked about thirty, and turned out to be the baby's grandmother. "This year I don't vote," she announced. "I don't care for that Ike, nor even for that Vice they got. I wish Truman would come back again."

A Voice of Labor

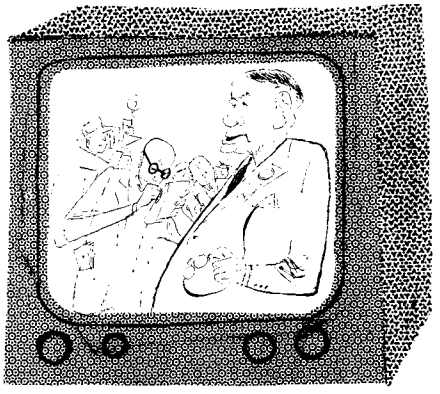
In the last bar I tried, the TV set was off. A broken-toothed old dame was talking horse bets. A lone drinker told me, "After it's all over, they'll find out labor is pulling stronger than they thought." The only union-conscious man I'd run into, he made me wonder whether there was a parallel between voter apathy and worker apathy, for in several industries one could find a very marked difference, after unionization, in the workers' attitude toward the business itself. They knew more about it, and sometimes, as in the dress industry, had a distinct sense of participation. Could something like that happen in politics?

The lone example of this proved to be a heavy-duty machine specialist, brought up in an Illinois coal-mining town and still an admirer of Lewis. "Let them talk," he said knowingly. "But with us they got to put it on the line."

I balanced out my inquiry with interviews along Central Park West, and with telephone calls, including some swanky East Side addresses. An Air Force colonel declared he was happy to watch the Democrats "killing themselves, fighting each other like a bunch of thieves." A fashion designer said he had a TV set in his office and watched it too much. A publicity man said—almost in the exact words of the Negro woman—"I'm not going to vote this year. It's too disgusting. I watch those dopes and I ask myself are these the guys I've been putting in office?"

On the other hand, a lawyer and a writer separately remarked that they had been up till 3:30 A.M. watching, fascinated with a sense of being inside history. Another lawyer, during an afternoon phone conversation, said, "Listen, have you got your set on? Catch this guy from Mississippi. He's terrific." And this telephone tip turned out to be typical of a new form of chain reaction by which people will alert friends for something very good.

That night, in a midtown apartment with a few friends, I watched India Edwards scolding her audience from



the rostrum, and was reminded of the bartender's remarks about women in politics. We turned her off. The reactions were mostly like that of the publicity man's—"Is this all they amount to, our politicos?" Definitely, the medium was two-edged.

'Turn On the Ball Game!'

In all, I had polled about fifty people, though more as an inquiring reporter than as a scientist. Of the fifty, thirty-three watched television with some regularity. Of these, all had tuned in on the Convention sporadically. Ten had said they spent more than their usual TV time on it; nineteen had said it was about the same; four had said they watched less.

About half the watchers declared that television would influence their votes—fifteen, as against thirteen for noninfluence, with the rest vague.

It seemed to me that the low Hooper rating could be misleading. Everyone had watched the Conventions to some extent. It was a show that had ups and downs of interest, for a week, and if "I Love Lucy" had gone on for a whole week without interruption, its average would probably have been no better.

The very fact that all TV's regular entertainment could be shoved aside for two weeks to make way for Convention coverage was itself so impressive as to force the citizen toward participation in this basic event in his society. If he still remained cynical and suspicious, the fault did not lie in television.

An incident during a last barroom check was, for me, illuminating. On the afternoon of the second Democratic ballot, I found that only six out of fifteen bars in the Pennsylvania Station area were carrying the Convention. The others had a ball game. And it might be noted that it was the fancier bars, in hotels, that carried the Convention.

I watched the balloting. Someone asked for his state to be polled, and there was a groan along the bar. "Can't they do it any better? Look at those tally clerks, all screwed up!" As the polling began, a customer snarled, "All right, turn on the ball game!"

Actually, this incident seemed to dramatize a root impatience with ourselves, with what we have done with democracy. Television confronted the ordinary citizen with the very ordinary citizens who happen to be politicians. By this, it seems to me, the medium can become dynamic. It can irk, it can shame the inactive into participation. Whether it will is distinctly another matter, for this depends on how the medium is used.

A great personality could come along and use television. Roosevelt gave people a sense of participation through radio. Television alone, of course, cannot eradicate indifference, suspicion, or anger, any more than radio could. Besides supplying the voice, Roosevelt supplied a program that made more people feel they could take hold somewhere. And even then, vast elements of the country's population remained "outside."

Perhaps a party with a real program, working through television, could bring them in a little. But maybe just as many people will keep on saying, "Turn on the ball game!"

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How to Be Glib Though Illegal

FRANK O'LEARY

BEHIND the curtain that separates America's underworld citizens from their neighbors, a curious adulterated English is spoken. This demi-language is the only fairly reliable standard of reference by which "the subterranean brotherhood," as Julian Hawthorne (the writer son of Nathaniel Hawthorne who served a jail term for fraud) labeled them, may be identified. Cesare Lombroso, the great Italian physician and criminologist, failed to validate his theory of recognition of criminals by supposed differences in physiognomy. Phrenologists and a wide variety of pseudo scientists have made themselves even more ridiculous. Today there is only one way by which criminals or racketeers may be recognized as a class of people apart from those about them: by their peculiarities of speech. Even this means is far from infallible. The high-class professional confidence man, the big-shot racketeer, and those other successful thieves who frequent "nice places" and associate with the better-educated noncriminal element in society make it a point to eschew expressions they know would mark them as what they are.

The speech of Charles ("Lucky") Luciano is studiously free of this criminal patois, although he has a familiarity with it quite as thorough as any lawyer's knowledge of the cant of his profession. The late Waxey Gordon, on the other hand, prattled away in the lingo freely. This difference in speech is easily explained when the respective careers of these men are examined briefly. Luciano had come up from the bottom, but he had enjoyed life on the highest peak of underworld eminence for several decades. Gordon, for at least a decade prior to his last conviction (traffic in narcotics), had returned to his relatively lowly and seedy origins and was merely scratching out a living on the outer edges of the upper crust of the underworld. As the Beer Baron of Prohibition days, Waxey's name held a modicum of prestige, which was precisely what had enmeshed him in the dirtiest of all criminal enterprises: the "junk racket." At the very moment of his betrayal by an underworld associate, Waxey instinctively reverted to the parlance of his kind when he screamed, "No, not a junk rap!"

Security and Sophistication

There are several rather obvious conclusions to be drawn by the student when he ponders the genesis, growth, and development of so full-blown a slang vehicle as "criminalese." The primary consideration is that criminals, as a class, are rather infantile. Clarence Darrow noted that in spite of their possession of intelligence quotients averaging slightly higher than those of our draftees of the First World War, they are lacking in common sense and are possessed of strange ideas on a wide variety of subjects. All through recorded criminal history, they have had a tendency to coin a secret language, just as adolescents have always done, which is intended to conceal their thoughts and activities from outsiders. The criminal has always had a much stronger motive than the adolescent for fostering the development of his slang medium: He has had perforce to talk to his associates in the presence of intended victims of his illegal activities, or before plainclothes policemen, informers, or prison guards. Thus new terms have to be added from time to time to the vocabulary of criminalese to replace items with which police and alert citizens have become familiar. The second consideration is the fact that the lingo of the underworld citizen must have "flash" value to fit his overall pattern of ostentation in cars, clothes, and women. It must have those qualities which make the user stand out among his associates as a sophisticated member of his social and professional caste.

There would appear to be no other valid reasons for the creation and exhibition of so rich an assortment of slang items, many of which are so highly graphic that from time to time they become persistent and often successful candidates for at least a semi-respectable place in the language of the American people. "Mouthpiece" (lawyer), "crimp" (thwart), "clip" (rob), "clip joint" (establishment where patrons are robbed or overcharged), "bull" (police officer), and "do time" (serve a prison sentence) are but a few of the coinages of underworld currency acceptable today among people whose familiarity with "racket guys" is limited to what the Kefauver investigators served up on television. H. L. Mencken

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and David W. Maurer (of Louisville University) are the outstanding published authors of scholarly papers on American underworld slang.

Kissing Dogs and Pegging Fuzz

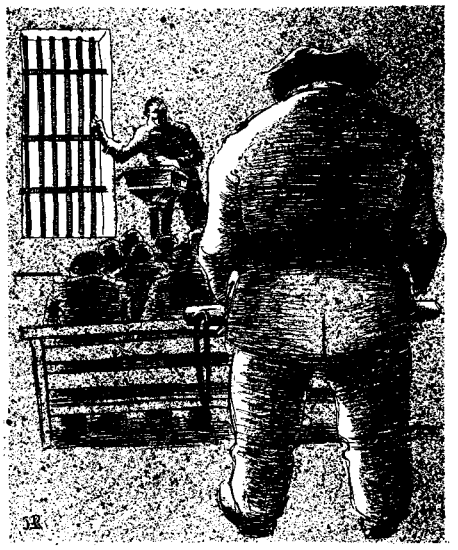
The recognition vocabulary of a reasonably knowledgeable person probably should include at least such gems as "to kiss the dog" (to face a victim while picking his pocket), "to shake a tail and cop a figary" (to elude pursuit and flee to a secluded hideaway), "to peg fuzz a mile and cop a sneak" (to recognize detectives at a considerable distance and fade from sight), "to put the town clown to bed and beat the damper" (to trail the small-town policeman to his home and then rob the local bank), and "to hip a stranger and switch markers for a toss" (to steal an out-of-town car and change its license plates for use in a holdup).

The uninformed citizen may reasonably suspect that "broads with ears" are girls with ear-revealing hair-dos, but the underworld Webster says they are playing cards with bent corners, used in the "three-card monte" version of the old "shell game"; "a butterfly man hitting the two-stemmers" is an utterer of forged checks operating in fairly large towns (having two or more important throughfares); and "a boxman who cooks his own soup" is a safeblower who extracts his crude nitroglycerine from stick dynamite. Should you overhear a couple of "ghees" (fellows) planning to "hitch up the reindeer and go for a sleighride" in the middle of September, you may be sure that they are going on a narcotic spree, and you had better call the police, for they may be the "schmeck pushers laying caps at the conk factory" (narcotic traffickers selling capsules of heroin around the local schoolhouse).

Fleepers and Flapjaws

Some of the terms used in prison are especially engaging. "The man" is the generic designation covering officials generally. "The biggie out front" is a neutral term for the warden. If the fare on "the main line" (prison mess hall) is unsatisfactory, the warden is "the belly robber" or "the belly robbin' muzzler." The prison itself is a "crumb joint" if it is badly administered or is populated largely by informers, "squares" (accidental offenders), and perverts; a "right joint" is a well-run prison largely populated by "right ghees" with a minimum of "fleabags" (bums). "To whip a cannonball over the hump" or "to fly a kite out of the can" is to smuggle an uncensored letter out of the prison. "To stash a hot stiff for a general" is to hide a forbidden book, magazine, or legal decision in anticipation of an institution-wide search for weapons and contraband. "To knock out a tab to make a boat" is to write a letter to the warden asking for a transfer to a more desirable prison. "To iggy up on fleepers and flapjaws" is to ignore stool pigeons and loose talkers. To come before the parole board and win a parole is to "make the boast." Other ways of winning one's freedom include "a back-gate spring" (release by death or suicide) and "glomming a briar and making a beat" (stealing a hacksaw blade and making good one's escape).

Commonplace warning signals, such



as "zex!" (look out!), "dummy up!" or "clam up!" (shut up!) are more likely to be heard by the average citizen at a bar or restaurant patronized by the underworld or at the scene of some criminal act upon which he may unwittingly stumble. If you should hear these expressions, you may trust your auditory sense much further than the misleading ocular evidence of lantern jaws, close-set eyes, cruel lip lines, oversized earlobes, and the other supposed "physical attributes" of criminals.

Grifters, Boosters, Hipers

The characteristic lingo of thieves and racketeers is used to an extent measured by the criminal's field of accustomed illegal activity. Hold-up men, burglars, professional thugs, and killers have very small underworld vocabularies. "Fieldmen" (all-round crooks), pickpockets, confidence men, forgers, cardsharps, dice hustlers, and other skilled operators who depend upon deftness and nimbleness of wit drench their talk with the argot to the limits of their mastery of it.

Carnival grifters who make their livelihood by picking pockets, the "three-card monte" pitch, the operation of crooked gaming wheels, and a variety of petty confidence games on the carnival lots are more devoted to the use of underworld slang than any other criminal group. Following closely on their heels are the migratory thieves who keep on the move and practice a variety of criminal trades—"pratt diggers" (subway pickpockets); "cannons" (more skilled pickpockets); the dice hustlers with "tops," "shapes,"

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"miss-outs," and "right dice"; the transient safe blowers; "short-story writers" (forgers); "boosters" (shoplifters); "notelayers" (short-change artists who use several bills and a fast patter to defraud busy cashiers); "hipers" (short-change swindlers who palm coins bewilderingly); and "heelers" (sneak thieves who use a cane expertly to snake things out of ground-floor apartment windows, bank tellers' cage windows, and jewelry-store display cases opened by glass cutter). These cunning operators seldom serve long prison terms. They make no headline hauls, but consistently net a substantial income with a minimum of effort and a maximum of the excitement they crave.

These outlaws, who make up the bulk of the professional underworld caste, "sling the lingo" with a finesse and ready diversification that frequently baffle even other classes of thieves. The skilled "leatherworker" (wallet pickpocket or handbag thief) is sometimes prouder of his versatility in the use of the jargon than of his professional skill. His penal detention is usually limited to an occasional short term in a county jail or state penitentiary. He laughs derisively at the "headline ghees" whose sensational exploits as robbers, burglars or "torpedoes" (professional killers) bring them "telephone-number bits" (staggering prison sentences). This smooth, glib, alert professional doesn't want to make newspaper headlines; he merely wants to make a steady livelihood on a moderately grand scale, live irresponsibly and unconventionally, avoid work, and serve as little jail time as possible. The colorful lingo of the underworld is his creation, his property, his primary vehicle of expression, and he uses it with a relish and a pride which are the mark and measure of his complete commitment to a life of crime on the level at which wits are mightier than biceps.

The Making of a Language

The birth of an underworld slang term is usually abrupt. There is customarily no apparent gestation period. After Richard Whitney of the New York Stock Exchange had received a five-to-ten-year Sing Sing term for embezzlement, a prison cynic with a nimble tongue muttered, "Steal peanuts and you draw a million years; grab a million skins and you get a banker's bit." "Banker's bit" spread and is today the standard underworld tag for a comparatively short prison term for a relatively large theft by embezzlement, larceny, or forgery by a trusted custodian of private or public funds.

"Canojerod" is the product of an ex-carnival hustler's imaginative brain. The term is used to indicate anything that cannot be called by its proper name, such as a pistol, a knife, or any stolen or contraband article. Born a short decade ago, the term has become nationally standardized.

Strange indeed is the voice of the American underworld, but it is strange only because it is unfamiliar, not because it is cryptic. Mastery of a few hundred of its commoner terms is enough to enable a person of average intelligence to move among the brotherhood as an habitué of long standing.

Three Traitors — The Lonely Certainties

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE TRAITORS, by Alan Moorehead. *Scribner's. $3.50.*

ALLAN NUNN MAY is an Englishman; Klaus Fuchs is a German who became a British subject; Bruno Pontecorvo is or was an Italian who almost became an American, did become British, and may or may not have become a citizen of the U.S.S.R.— for since he vanished near Russia, it is not known whether he still lives or is dead. All three were physicists engaged in vital atomic research. All three were exceptionally able men in positions of great responsibility. All three betrayed their trust. These are the Traitors; Alan Moorehead's brilliant book is an attempt to understand what made them betray.

Communists who leave the party are endlessly loquacious when they turn against their love and rend it, leave their friends and denounce them. They know—too late—all the reasons why Communism is detestable, and they delight in propounding them. But men who enter the party, unless they are intellectuals assigned to propaganda, are silenced by the nature of their task —especially when it is to betray their country.

The traitors silently do their work sustained by lonely certainties. Even when they are caught, brought to trial, and convicted, they will not reveal anything unless these certainties have failed them.

The Englishman

Nunn May betrayed his country to the Soviet spy ring in Canada. Methodi-

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Allan Nunn May

cally he passed on all he knew to the Russians.

Then one day a youthful code clerk walked out of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa with his pockets stuffed full of espionage documents. After the usual comic resistance of officialdom, he managed to hand them over to the proper authorities. That broke the ring.

The code clerk's name was Gouzenko, and he had seen the light. From the Russian point of view he was a traitor, and if we were Russians we would be wondering why he betrayed his trust.

In due course, the Ottawa documents brought Nunn May to trial at the Old Bailey Court in London. "The whole affair," he declared, "was extremely painful to me and I only embarked on it because I felt that was a contribution I could make to the safety of mankind."

That was all he would say. He was sustained by his lonely certainties or, in Justice Roland Oliver's definition of these certainties when he sentenced May to ten years' penal servitude, by "the crass conceit . . . the wickedness, to arrogate to himself the decision of a matter of this sort . . ."

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The German

In the long run the lonely certainties that sustained Nunn May deserted Klaus Fuchs. Fuchs had been closer than May to the center of American atomic knowledge; his treason had done immeasurable damage. Assiduously he had passed on everything he could get to the Russians. Of course Fuchs had May's arrogance; he too was above the law of ordinary honor —he too had taken the oath of secrecy and had broken it—but he proved to be not completely closed to normal human feeling and in the end he could no longer rationalize the betrayal of human friendships and honor. So when

Klaus Fuchs

he was caught he talked. The self-enforced discipline that had permitted him to live two separate lives broke down.

His Communism does not seem to have been a matter of theoretical concern with mankind; it had simpler, passionate origins in the fact that he was a German at the time of the Reichstag fire and mistakenly considered Communism to be the hard core of opposition to Hitler. He seems to have had not the slightest political awareness that Communist collusion could in any way be blamed for Hitler's rise to power. From 1933 on it was Russia first. Even when he became a British subject it was Russia first. Russia must have the atom bomb, and he, Fuchs, personally must attend to the matter. He did so—and, in growing amazement, found that around him were men with names and faces, not governments and nations, men who had befriended him. He continued meeting the Russian agents; it was becoming more and more difficult for him to meet his friends. Eventually the lonely certainties deserted him. When the police closed in he was ready to explain the dilemma in which he was locked—desperately anxious for one thing: to reclaim what was irretrievably lost in the confusion of his double life, a sense of loyalty.

The Italian

Against Bruno Pontecorvo nothing was ever proved. He was a Communist and in all probability a traitor. There are no facts to go on. But in this gallery of traitors he stands out in sharp contrast to the methodical Englishman, and the confused and tormented German. For Pontecorvo was handsome, brilliant, and married, and he seemed a happy man. When suspicion overtook him he went to Italy on a vacation. He drove about in his car; he saw a lot of people; he swam in the Mediterranean; he still seemed to be a happy man.

Suddenly he took his family by plane to Helsinki. No one has ever heard of him since. Somehow, it is difficult to think of him now as happy.

Bruno Pontecorvo

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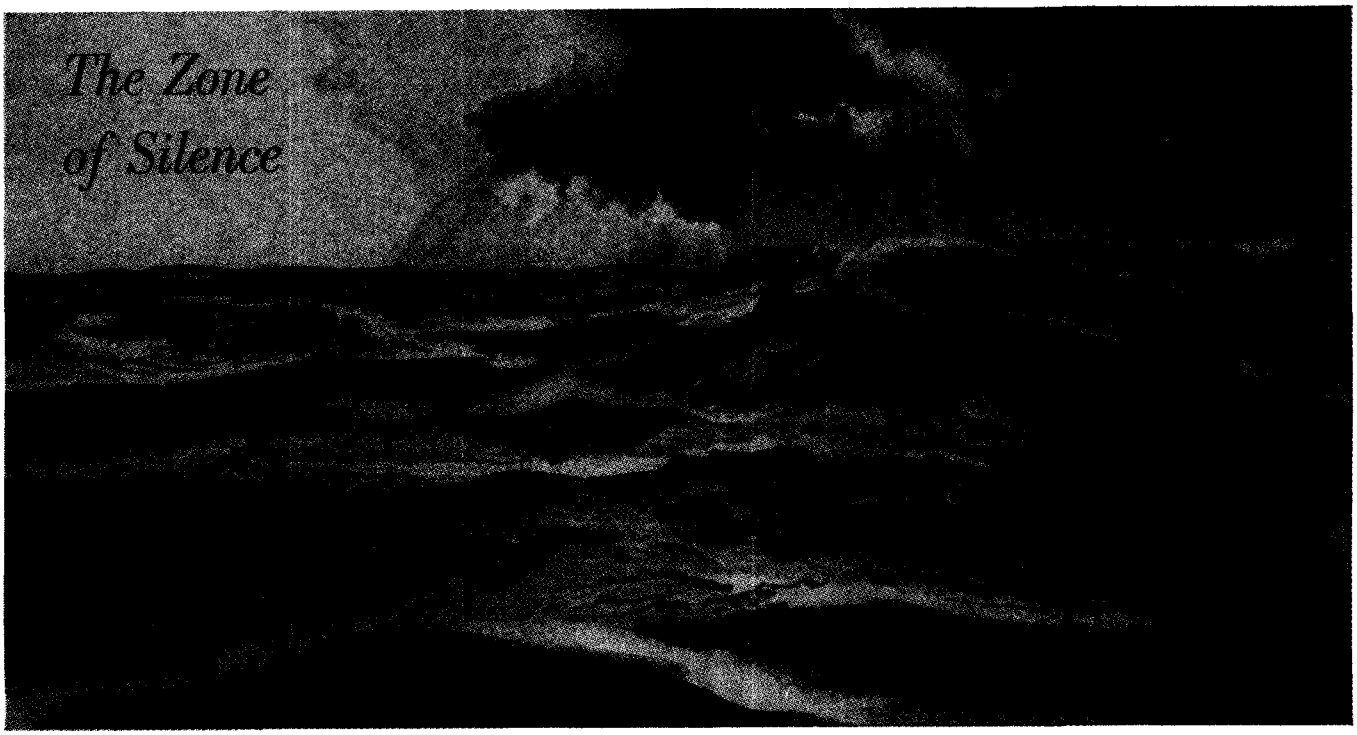

IN THE PACIFIC off Vancouver Island, there is a stretch of water known as "The Zone of Silence." Because this area is acoustically dead, no sound can penetrate it. And since no siren or bell warns ships of dangerous reefs, the ocean floor is studded with wrecks.

The world of ideas and events also has its "Zone of Silence." Here too, everything is hushed, and unknown dangers lurk beneath the surface. This region too is generally feared, and many publications steer clear of it —but not THE REPORTER. THE REPORTER explores it as fully as possible, and then comes out to describe its dangers and tell you how they may affect you and your country.

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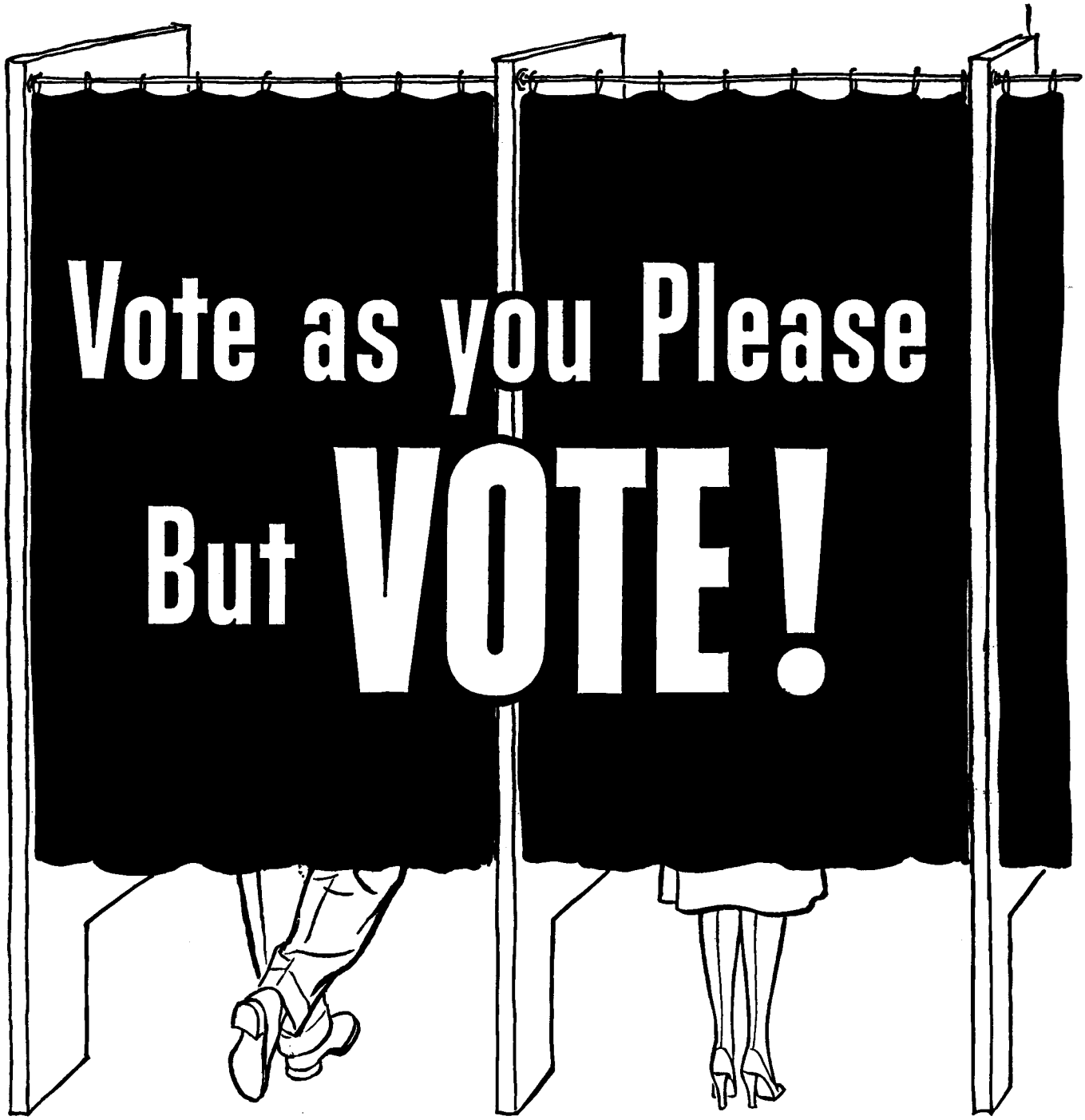

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And don't just stand there at the plate howling about how you want things run.

Put yourself on record where it counts—on that ballot, behind that curtain—the U. S.-style curtain that means freedom for everyone to speak out frankly, equally—the flimsy muslin that will last ages longer than any iron barrier against free thought and action.

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